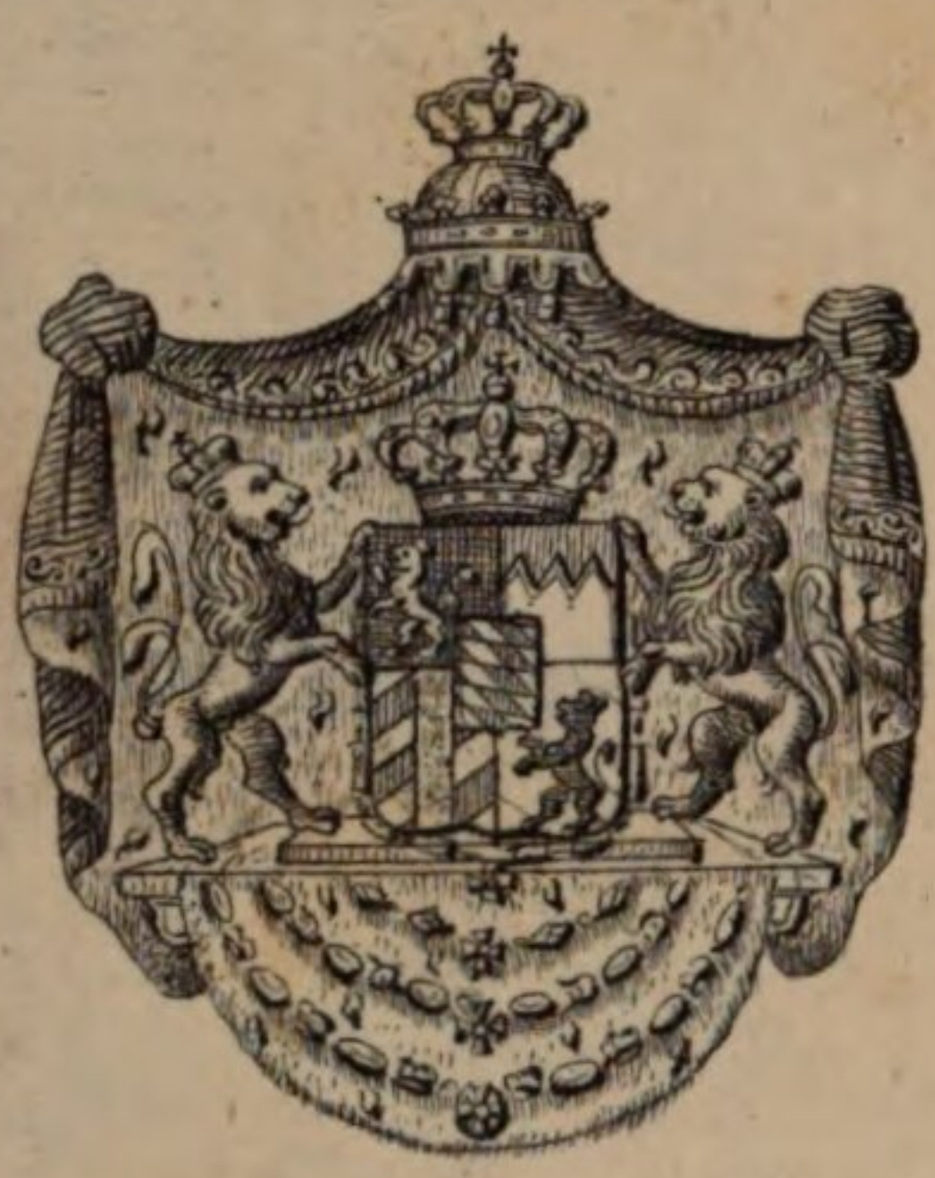
P. O. angl. 129 b -2



BIBLIOTECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

Ex donat. Molliana.

<366417452200l5

<366417452200l5

Bayer. Staatsbibliothek

THE

FRIENDS;

OR,

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

VOL. II.

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

ΛΟΓΙΟΙ

ORIGINAL FELLERS.

Ο Β'

LIKIENDS?

ΛΗΓΕ

THE

FRIENDS;

OR,

ORIGINAL LETTERS

OF A

PERSON DECEASED.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,

FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS,

IN HIS CORRESPONDENTS'S HANDS.

"How preferable are the natural Dictates of the Heart, to the moſt elaborate Inditings of the Head!"

Letter ix. Par. 2. of this Collection

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for J. BELL, near EXETER-EXCHANGE, in the STRAND; and C. ETHERINGTON, at YORK.

MDCCLXXIII.

ERRATA.

Page 66, put a Note of Reference, at the End of the firſt Paragraph.

P. 71, at the end of the firſt Paragraph, a ?

P. 72, line laſt but four, dele laſt *s* in *ſeems*.

P. 75, line laſt but one, a Comma at the end.

P. 97, l. 1, read *for*.

P. 98, l. 7, for *there*, read *three*.

P. 131, l. 10, for *this*, read *that*.

P. 141, l. 13, read *viſibly*.

P. 201, l. 2, dele 2d — and put a Comma.

P. 238, line 4, for *I*, read *me*.

P. 245, l. 14, read *creſcunt*.

P. 274, l. 4, read *liſt*.

P. 253, l. 3, dele laſt *the*.

P. 254, l. 5, read *thence*.

P. 277, l. 11, dele *muſt*.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER LXII.

My dear Friend,

I WISH you, myſelf, and the World, Joy, on the late happy Event.* Your Preferment muſt ſoon follow, from the Nature of your Connections; which, indeed, is all the Hope you have to build

* See Letter v.

upon: For it would be an Affront to your Merits, to ſay they are ſuch as would help you to riſe, under the Patronage of modern Times.

I could wiſh alſo, for the three Sakes, above-mentioned, that this Matter had come to paſs, many Years ago; both on account of the Advantages to yourſelf, as well as the Benefit of your Precept and Example to others. Not that theſe were ever wanting to the World; but that they have generally a better Effect, in your preſent Character; becauſe it proves the Opinion of Religion, in thoſe who are ſuppoſed to be beſt acquainted with it, to be ſincere.

Religion, in its Purity, is too abſtracted a Science, for the Bulk of Mankind. They muſt have ſome *Idol*, ſome *outward and viſible Sign*, to fix their Attention upon. Congregations are apt to *believe*, in their Paſtors, and often become Infidels or Devotees, according as they obſerve the Reſpect or Diſregard ſhewn by the Lives and Manners of their ſpiritual Guides, to their Doctrines.

But *better late, than never*, let us ſay, with regard to your own immediate Concern in this Matter; which homely Proverb I might more claſſically have expreſſed, in the Words of *Virgil*, by only changing the firſt Word.

Fortuna—quæ ſera, tamen reſpexit inertem ;
Candidior poſtquam tondenti Barba cadebat—
Reſpexit tamen ; & longo poſt Tempore venit.

I am, my dear *reverend*—I wiſh I could ſay *right reverend*—Friend, yours, both in the Spirit, and the Fleſh.

Adieu.

LETTER LXIII.

YOU can't imagine the Peculiarity of my Senſations, ever ſince I had the Pleaſure of your laſt Letter. The exchanging your *lay*-habit, for a *clerical* one, is ſuch a Type of the throwing off the corporeal, and aſſuming an ætherial

Body,

Body, that you in a Manner ſeem to have gone to Heaven before me.

Don't laugh at me, but I confeſs that this Idea has given me one half of the Sentiments, at leaſt, which I ſhould really experience upon that Occaſion--I do not feel the Grief, indeed, but am actually ſenſible of an Increaſe of Tenderneſs and Reſpect towards you, already; and I am very certain that I ſhould obey the ſlighteſt Commands of yours, at preſent, with the ſame ſcrupulous Devotion, that I ſhould act as Executor to your Will.

There is ſomething moſt melancholy pleaſant, in this Sort of Superſtition; and I ſhall cultivate it. I love all

Thoughts which ſerve to lift me above myſelf, and ſet me, like *un Mercure volant*, a Tip-toe on the Outſide of the Globe, with one Foot already floating in the Air.

Adieu, *et ora pro nobis.*

LETTER LXIV.

I HAVE received your Letter, and as I look upon you now, as my Confeſſor and Caſuiſt both, let me here give you *an Account of the Faith that is in me*, with the natural Progreſs of it, (as in this great Article I was left to myſelf) from firſt to laſt; which may ſerve by way of Anſwer to your Inquiry.

I heard ſomething about a God, when I was a Child; but received no Definition, or Deſcription of him. I concluded we did not make ourſelves, for I happened to be by, when my Siſter was born. I therefore imputed the Power of Creation to ſome Being above us; but remained ſtill at a Loſs where to refer the Work.

At firſt I ſuſpected Kings, for this Manœuvre; as they were the greateſt Beings I could form any diſtinct Notion about. I had never known any of their Divinity-ſhips, myſelf, but had ſeen their Titles in Eaſtern Tales; I had heard it ſaid that they had *long Hands*, that their *little Finger was weightier than the whole*

Body of the Law, that the *King's Name was a Tower of Strength*, that they were ſaluted by Heads in the Duſt, crying out, O *King*, *live for ever*; and other ſuch like *Apotheoſes* as theſe.

I therefore moſt naturally concluded them to be certain ſuperior Intelligences; *Thrones*, *Dominions*, *Principalities and Powers*; almighty, immortal; infallible in their Judgments, and ſo refined in their Appetites, that they fed, like *Midas*, upon nought but pure Gold.

But when I happened to have heard that one of them had been poiſoned, or died of a Surfeit, of *mortal Food*; that another was beheaded, or ſlain in Battle; and others, *unlike to God*, endeavouring

to

to enſlave and oppreſs their People, my Superſtition began to fall to the Ground, with regard to theſe Sort of Mock-deities. I could not continue to think them the real *Fathers of Mankind*, though in political Metaphor they are uſually ſtiled ſo; and I became ſoon informed, that though Kings can *create Lords*, they cannot *make Men.*

Upon this Diſappointment, I began to direct my Devotion toward the *Fathers of the Church*, miſled again by the Equivocation of a Word; but when I found theſe great Divines ſubject to the ſame Paſſions and Frailties with ourſelves. One—St. *Auſtin*—going to Bed to a Miſtreſs of *Snow*, to mock Concupiſcence—Another—St. *Origen*—taking a more effectual Method, by Amputation of the

Luſus Naturæ—Another, and another, &c. &c. I then found myſelf at a Loſs, again, *for the Hand that made me.*

From thence, by the meer Force of natural Reflection, I roſe through the Regions of Metaphyſics, up to the ſublimeſt Heights of the primary Philoſophy; conceived, acknowledged, and adored the *Monad.* I fell a trembling firſt, and then aſſumed a Courage, that has ever ſince remained with me; and ever will, I truſt.

Upon conſidering Religion, as far as 'tis involved in Syſtem, I thought then, and ſtill do, that the Chriſtian Scheme is the completeſt Code that had ever been yet conceived, both for Life and Death. Its

Its Ethicks are certainly the pureſt and ſafeſt Rule of Practice, while we remain in the World, and I know of no Comfort, on a Sick-bed, without the Hopes and Promiſes of the Goſpel.

Which that we may all—I leave you to conclude the Prayer.

Adieu.

LETTER LXV.

I HAVE been extremely ill, ſince I wrote to you laſt; but after Confeſſion,* you know, one's Mind grows eaſier about ſuch Matters. My Leaſe is wearing apace; and I think it cannot be long, before I may expect to be ejected out of this ſame *Copy-hold*,† of mine. Thank God, I have a better Inheritance, to truſt to!

My Stomach has been in a ſad Way, for ſome Time. Every Thing diſagrees

* See the foregoing Letter.

† Stiled in the Law a *baſe Tenure*; as holding only *at the Will of the Lord*.

with

with it, and all equally. So that I am often obliged to ſit like a famiſhed Governor, in a beſieged Citadel—afraid to open the Gates for Proviſions, leſt the Enemy ſhould enter along with them. Nay, 'tis with Fear and Trembling, almoſt, that I even venture to pray for my *daily Bread*, of late.

I beg you'll be ſo kind to call on *Graham*, and deſire him to ſend me down a Portion of the Medicines he made up for me, from the Preſcription of Doctor *Meade*, when I was at your Houſe laſt. They were but Anodynes, 'tis true; but when we cannot enjoy natural Reſt, we muſt borrow the Aid of Opiates.

Pray

Pray ſend me down the new Work, adverti ſed at *Millar*'s. I like the Title, and he generally buys good Copies. His Name therefore gives Credit to an Author.

The incloſed Bill will anſwer theſe Articles, and pay off my Wine-merchant, too, who wrote to me, laſt Poſt; ſo pray let me have his Receipt in full.

I can never make Apologies enough, and I hate to do things by halves.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LXVI.

I AM happy in having intercepted an Article of Intelligence for you, juſt as it was travelling up to *London*. You ſhould not ſue me upon the Act againſt *regrating*, or *foreſtalling*, ſince I give it to you *as cheap as I had it myſelf*.

The younger *Aſton* was married, yeſterday, to a Miſs M—, of *Huntingdonſhire*; a Lady of very ample Fortune. An Amour and a Duel, you know, were enough to win any Woman's Heart, in the World.* The Courtſhip was private,

* See Letter lvi.

all along, but the Marriage was ſolemnized in Public. Mr. *Talbot* was at the Wedding, and told me of it, this Morning.

I aſked him what Sort of a Woman ſhe is. Handſome, he replied. That makes but little Difference, ſaid I, after the *Honey-moon* is over—But as to her Underſtanding, Manners, and Character? To which he anſwered, after his peculiar Way, that he knew very little of her himſelf, but heard her ſay *Antecedent*, to Doctor *Johnſon*, once, that he happened to be in Company with them.

This conciſe Method of drawing a Character, lets one into an Acquaintance with

with it, better than all the deſcriptive Painting of *Clarendon*.

What Sort of Man is your Friend *Charles Ford?* ſaid ſomebody to *Dean Swift*, once. I'll tell you, he replied. We two were walking together, lately, in *St. James's-Park*; and I was felicitating the Inhabitants of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, in having the Benefit of ſo much green Graſs, and Gravel, ſo near the Town, to breathe, and ſtretch their Limbs in—There's neither *geen Gaſs*, nor *Gavel*, here, ſaid he, haſtily.

This ſhort Trait was enough to ſtamp the Character of a liſping perverſe Kind of Man, who was capable of giving the Lye to his own Senſes, and contradicting the general Opinions of Mankind, meerly

to

to gratify a peeviſh or ſplenetic Diſpoſition of Mind.

We have both of us met with Perſons of this Deſcription, in Life; and I am now thinking of two, in particular, who will occur to your own Recollection, probably, while you are reading this Paragraph.

I heard once of a litigious Man, one *Dominic O' Flaherty*, of *Ireland*, who giving a retaining Fee to a Lawyer, and being aſked, *in what Cauſe?* deſired him to enter it *Verſus Mankind.* Perhaps many an Hypotheſis in Science and Philoſophy, may owe its riſe to ſuch a Temper of Mind, as Mr. *Ford*'s above mentioned,

an

an Affectation of differing from the Reſt of the World.

Men who are not bleſt with Faculties ſufficient to diſtinguiſh themſelves, in the Courſe of eſtabliſhed Syſtems, would attempt it by ſtarting new ones of their own. Infidelity derives its Origin from hence, moſt certainly; and ſurely *Dominic O' Flaherty*'s Motto, above-mentioned, could never be better applied, than to the Atheiſt.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LXVII.

I HAVE a Commiſſion for you to execute for me, which my Mind has been much ſet upon, for this ſometime paſt. I would exchange my Harpſichord, which you know to be a remarkable good one, for as good an Organ, and will readily pay whatever Difference you ſhall be able to agree upon. Get Signor *Strozzi* to aſſiſt you.

My Paſſion for Muſic, encreaſes, with my Years, and I continue ſtill to practiſe, ſome Hours, every Day. 'Tis one of the moſt *jucunda oblivia Vitæ*, that can

be

be imagined. I would but little value Ears, for hearing, if I had not one for Harmony alſo. Writing can give us the Senſe of Words, but *Pingere Sonum haud facilè eſt*, it cannot convey the Sound of Notes.

" When living Men ſhall die, and dead Men live,
And Order is again to Chaos hurl'd,
Then heavenly Melody ſhall ſtill ſurvive.
And triumph o'er the Ruins of the World."

Some ingenious Writer ſays, " that of all the Indulgences of Senſe, Muſic is the leaſt ſenſual;" and as a Taſte for it betokens a refined, a delicate, and perhaps a good Mind, I honour the King of *Pruſſia*, on Account of his Paſſion for this Science, more than for all his Victories.

But I am grown a good deal out of Conceit, lately, with my Inſtrument. I have unhappily contracted a graver, perhaps a more *gloomy*, Complexion of Mind, than formerly, and I confeſs that the jingling Sound of this Sort of *tinkling Cymbal*, is apt to tire me ſoon. Its Tones are not ſolemn enough for me, now. The greateſt Beauty of Muſic, the Swelling a Note, 'tis incapable of. I fear I ſhall ſoon loſe all Reliſh for every Inſtrument, which cannot expreſs *a Sigh*!

There is a charming Simile, in *Fingal*, which this Subject brings to my Mind; where a Lover compares the Voice of his Miſtreſs, to *the Sound of the Harp, on the Gale of the Spring.*

As

As for the Platonic Notion of *the Muſic of the Spheres*, 'tis truly *Platonic*, indeed; as it happens to be too *piano* ever to *affect the Senſe*,

" Which wondering Man admires, but never hears."

I take that Error to have ariſen from a Miſinterpretation of one Word, in the Greek Philoſopher. An Expreſſion was conſtrued literally, that was meant only metaphorically. *Harmony* is often uſed for *Order*; but, in this Place, has been miſtaken for *Melody*. When *Plato* ſpeaks then, of the *Harmony* of the Spheres, we are certainly to underſtand the Order, Courſe, and Œconomy, of the *Solar-Syſtem*, only. I ſhall never ſuffer thoſe great

great Sages to ſpeak Nonſenſe, whenever I can help it.

Adieu.

LETTER LXVIII.

I Believe that no Perſon, who loved Mankind ſo much as I do, had ever ſo much Satisfaction in an Hermitage, as I feel myſelf ſenſible of, every Day, more and more. I uſed formerly to dedicate ſix or ſeven of the twenty-four Hours, to Study and Retirement; but I live now, from Morning to Night, in my Library—

"Which ſerved him for Kitchen, for Parlour, and Hall."

Not

Not that I read ſo much, as formerly, but I think more—I walk a good deal about the Room, muſing; by which I exerciſe both Body and Mind, at the ſame Time.

You know I have been, all my Life, a great Reaſoner, upon the Nature of the Soul; laying hold of every Argument, or Reflection, that might ſerve to ſtrengthen and confirm the Belief of a Spirit diſtinct from, and independent of, the Body.* This Turn of Mind increaſes with my Years; which 'tis natural it ſhould; as my Intereſt in the Truth of the Propoſition, becomes greater, every Day.

* See Letter ix. towards the End, and latter Part of Letter xxiv.

'Tis a tranſporting Thought, and never occurs to me, without bringing its own Conviction along with it, from the inward Joy I am ſenſible of, on the very Idea. Sentiment and Senſation ruſh into each others Arms, and I feel as if my Heart and Soul were embracing one another.

I was revolving this favourite Dogma, both of Philoſophy and Faith, in my Mind, this Morning; and having heretofore conſidered the Subject, by the old Light of the former, I choſe now to view it, by the new Light of the latter.

I ſhall begin with the very firſt Chapter of the Bible, where *God* ſaid, "Let us make Man in our Image, after our

Like-

Likeneſs;" which Expreſſion could never be meant to refer to the material Subſtance, or perſonal Form of the Body —not to *the outward and viſible Sign*, certainly, but to *the inward and ſpiritual Grace*, of Man. To a certain pure Eſſence of the Mind, by the ſpecial Favour of Omnipotence rendered capable of Reaſon, Self-conſciouſneſs, of Free-will, and perpetual Exiſtence.

I ſhall then repeat the Sentiment of *Solomon*, on this great Article, who ſays, "That as the Body turns to Earth, of "which it was compoſed, ſo *the Spirit* "*returns to God*, from whom it had pro-"ceeded."

I might alſo quote the Words of *Daniel*, who, in the two-fold Character, both of a Philoſopher and a Prophet, ſays, "That thoſe who ſleep in the Duſt "of the Grave, *ſhall awake*—ſome to "eternal Life, and others to eternal Con-"fuſion."

I ſhall then conclude this Species of Argument, with the irrefragable Teſtimony of Our Saviour and his Apoſtles, to this Point; the Paſſages of which I need not take the Trouble of quoting to you.

Rouſſeau ſpeaks very well, as a Metaphyſician, on this Subject, if you remember, in the third Volume of his

Emilius.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LXIX.

IT was not Neglect, but Neceſſity, which prevented me from anſwering your two laſt Letters. My Cholic has been ſo belabouring me, this Week paſt, that I ſuffered *Proſpero*'s Curſe on *Caliban*.

" To Night thou ſhalt have Cramps,
" Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy Breath up."

And I felt like one who had out lived the *Coup de Grace*, as ſoon as it left me.

While I remained under the Agony, I could not lean forward to a Table, nor

uſe a Pen, but as one holds a Sword, at Arms length; and I could not think of accoſting you, in ſuch an hoſtile Poſture.

The *Loſs of a Heart* is a metaphorical Expreſſion, but I actually feel as if I had ſuffered the literal Fact; as if that great Prop of the Body had been taken out, and that my Cheſt had tumbled in; like the Roof of the Philiſtine Temple, when *Sampſon* had pulled away the Pillars; or like a Body, from whence the ſuſtaining Air had been exhauſted, and felt the whole Weight of the Atmoſphere preſſing it to Death.

And is it not ſo? My Spirit is flown! I begin to hang very heavy on my Hands, of late; and feel myſelf, now, as I have often

often done others, before, an Oppreſſion on my Mind, which I would do almoſt any Thing to get fairly rid of.

You may poſſibly think the ſame Way of me, yourſelf, in my preſent irkſome Diſpoſition, therefore I ſhall relieve you, out of Charity, by ſaying,

Adieu.

LETTER LXX.

I Received your too fond Letter. I ſhall purſue your Advice—It has been my own Practice, for ſome Years paſt. I uſed formerly to make reading my Food; I take it now, by Way of Medicine.

The *Pills to purge Melancholy* I have applied, theſe two Days, are the ſix Volumes of *Triſtram Shandy*; the four laſt of which I had not read, before—I don't know how it happened, but I ſuppoſe I had heard no Character of them, to encourage me.

I confeſs

I confeſs that I had been entertained with the two firſt Volumes, of this ſame *Tale of a Tub*. The Whim and Oddneſs of the Stile and Manner, were new; and that's enough: but the latter Publications have diſappointed me; for they ſeem rather too much to anſwer the Title of an old Comedy, of *Humour out of Breath*.

This Work, or Play, rather, puts me in Mind of the Character which the ingenious Mr. *Moyle*, in his Tracts, gives of *Swift*'s *Tale of a Tub*, in theſe Words; "There is a good deal of wild Fancy in "it, which captivates, by its Extrava-"gance and Uncommonneſs; but I think "it, upon the whole, to be the pro-"faneſt Piece of Ribaldry, that has ap-

" peared in the World, ſince the Days " of *Rabelais*, that great Original of Ban- " ter and Ridicule."

I am not ſpeaking as a Prude; for I can pardon any Thing, though ever ſo free, that has Wit in it. For Wit is not Reflection—'tis a Sort of gifted Faculty, which, like Inſpiration, forces its Way, without our own Conſciouſneſs; and the Tongue or Pen are but the Organ or Inſtrument, of the Oracle.

But there is not, in my Opinion, a ſufficient Seaſoning of the *Spice*, to diſguiſe the *Putrefaction*. There may, there certainly are, Taſtes, that might reliſh ſuch *Haut-gouts*; but as *Horace* ſays,

Offen-

Offenduntur enim, quibus eſt Equus, et Pater, et Res.

However, to do the Author Juſtice, while he is alive, and I would ſpeak ſtill more tenderly of him, were he dead, there are certain Strokes of Humanity, in theſe Writings, which do him Honour; and what ſome Poet ſays of *Beaumont*, may be aptly enough applied to him,

" At once thou mak'ſt us bluſh, rejoice, and weep."

And I hope, and believe too, that what was ſaid of *Sir John Suckling*, may alſo be fairly quoted here, " that his Thoughts were not ſo looſe as his Expreſſions."

Farewel.

LETETR LXXI.

I Have been to pay a Viſit to Mr. *Aſton*, on his Marriage.* I ſtayed there, two Days, which was ſpent what is generally called *Jovially*; but in my Opinion it might rather be ſtiled *Junonely*—For the Lady ſeems to aſſume too much of that Goddeſs, in her Manners and Deportment. She deals moſtly in Sentences, and always *ſpeaks in Print*.

She appears to think that ſhe has a ſuperior Underſtanding to her Huſband; which I have this very ſufficient Reaſon

* See Letter lxvi.

to deny her—*that ſhe affects to ſhew it*—
If this was the Caſe, above, I heartily forgive the poor hen-pecked *Jupiter* his Relaxations with *Europa*, *Semele*, *Io*; and ſuch other good-natured Wenches.

A ridiculous Circumſtance happened to me, on my Return. The Day was wet, which obliged me to ſtop, on the Road; ſo that I did not reach Home, 'till it had paſſed Dinner-time. My Family, not expecting, had not prepared any Thing for my Reception. As I was very hungry, I was obliged to take up with whatever was ready in the Larder, which happened to be only a ſmall ſouſed Trout. My Appetite perverſely increaſed, at the Sight of it, as a ſmall Fire is apt to make one colder.

The Reaſon for my mentioning ſo triſling a Circumſtance to you, is, becauſe it put me in Mind of a Particular that was told me once, of our old Friend *Robin Walker*;* which perhaps you might not have heard, before. You know that poor *Robin*'s Ways and Means were very ſcant; and whenever his Commons fell ſhort, he uſed to dine with his Spectacles on, in order to make the Morſel appear the larger.

The Perſon, from whom I had this curious Anecdote, ſaid that he was ſo ſtruck with the Singularity of the Idea, that he improved upon it, by making him a Preſent of a *magnifying* Glaſs, for the Purpoſe.

* See Letter lii.

Purpoſe. But I ſhould have thought that a *multiplying* one would have anſwered better, as it might have ſupplied him with a compleat *Cover*, at once; and as the Sight of a great deal of Meat is apt to ſurfeit the Appetite, this might have had its Effect; in this Way, at leaſt.

This was certainly the moſt whimſical Method of *making the moſt of a little*, or *filling one's Belly with Moon-ſhine*, that could have been well imagined; but as I had none of ſuch mechanical Helps for qualifying Hunger, at hand, I was reduced to the vulgar houſewifely Manner of robbing the *Hen-rooſt*, for a Couple of Eggs; and ſo finiſhed my Meal with Satisfaction.

Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER LXXII.

AS there has ever ſubſiſted a ſtrong Sympathy between us, in all our Affections, Purſuits, and Studies, I frequently, of late, look into Books which I had long ſince laid aſide, merely becauſe they have Relation to that Kind of Reading, which, indeed, has always been your own Election, but, in your preſent Vocation, is now become, I ſuppoſe, your ſole Province.

Wollaſton's Religion of Nature is the Work I have now before me. 'Tis an admirable Treatiſe; and has infinite Merit,

Merit, both in the Matter, and the Argument of it. This Author ſhould firſt be carefully peruſed throughout, in Order to comprehend the whole Scope of his Deſign; and the re-reading of him ought to commence, at the fifth Section. It would be well worth the while of every Man to get the Prayer there, by heart, and often repeat it to himſelf, with Gratitude, Fervency and Devotion.

There is one Paſſage in him, however, and but that one, only, where he ſeems to betray a ſmall Inadvertence, in reaſoning. He firſt denies the Eternal, or Self-exiſtence of Matter; and then proceeds to prove, that Motion, Attraction, &c. are not its *eſſential Qualities*, but only ſome of its *Affections*. But is not this

more

more than was neceſſary to his Propoſition? For, if Matter be a Work of Creation, muſt not all its Properties have been ſo too?

I don't know, perhaps, but that this Slip may be an Advantage to the Work; for 'tis plain that the Author was not an artful Reaſoner, by his ſuffering ſo weak an Argument to have eſcaped him.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIII.

Dear Hoſt,

I Shall have the Pleaſure of breathing the thick Air of London, but the clear one of Friendſhip, with you, ſome time the next Week; as I am obliged to incur the Expence of filing a *Bill of Revivor*, this Term, on the Death of one of the numerous Parties to my immortal Suit.

I look upon a Cauſe in Chancery to be *a Leaſe of Lives, renewable for ever*; as I am forced to pay a Fine, in this Manner, upon every Demiſe. But ſure

it

it is a hard Thing to forfeit *Heriots*,* continually, without ever being in poſſeſſion of *the Farm*.

I don't know how far Morals may have been benefited, by our Refinements on the Manners of our Gothic Anceſtors; but I really think that aboliſhing the *combat ordeal*, in Suits of Law, has been a conſiderable Injury to us. It has only given Knaves and Cowards the Advantage over honeſt Men and Brave; and but enabled the Rich and Powerful to oppreſs the Poor and Weak.

Time, ſpeaking as Chorus, in the Winter's Tale, ſays,

* Fees paid to a Landlord, on the Death of a Tenant.

'Tis in my Power to o'er-throw Law.

This might have been true, perhaps, of *antient Time*; but I am ſure *the modern one* has not ſuch a Feat to boaſt of.

But to turn away my Thoughts from ſo irkſome a Subject, let me rejoice in the Pleaſure of ſeeing you the oftener, from this Neceſſity, than I might otherwiſe do. Pray deſire my Attorney to prepare the Bill, immediately; for 'tis a Matter of meer Form and Courſe, and requires no Inſtructions.

My affectionate Compliments to our moſt hoſpitable Landlady, and tell her I ſhall ſend her up a *Heriot*, before I go myſelf—*Epicuri de Grege Porcum*, it ſhall be;

be; ſo let her adjuſt the Œconomy of her Houſehold, accordingly.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXIV.

I FELT an additional Regret on leaving you, at this Time; on account of Love, as well as Friendſhip. I could with you indulge my Heart in ſpeaking more freely, on that dear Subject, than I dare venture to do by Letter. Accidents might poſſibly happen in the contingencies of Poſts, that would render my Life miſerable, through the only Medium of Misfortune that I can ever now be ſenſible of.

I ſhall

I ſhall, therefore, ſtrike this Topic out of all our future Correſpondence, as an additional Inſtance of that Prudence and Virtue with which I have of late refrained from going near the Houſe—That Temple of my Idolatry—

"Whoſe Image ſteals between my God and me."

O, may this Sacrifice, this Penance ſo ſevere, be accepted as Atonement for ſuch Impiety! I owe it to her, I owe it to myſelf—that is to my *Heart*, and to my *Soul*.

Do not make any Reply to this Letter, as I now take Leave of the Subject, for Life; for if *Muſic be the Food of Love*, what a Feaſt muſt there be in the harmonious Sound of her very Name!

Uſe

Uſe has powerful Operations upon us; I have not been able to recover my natural Reſt, ſince I left Town. The Noiſes of *London* are ſtill vibrating in my Ears, and I want the Earthquake of Waggons and Stage-coaches, to rock me to ſleep again.

But I will not apply Wine, as a compoſing Draught—Thoſe who are chearful, need it not; and 'tis a dangerous Opiate, to thoſe who are ſad. They who drink, in order to drive Care away, do their Buſineſs but by Halves, and only add Deliberation to Suicide.

Write to me often, that I may rejoice in being awake, while I read, and anſwer your Letters, at leaſt.

My

My Compliments to Mrs. *Parſon*, and

Adieu.

P. S. I am juſt ſummoned to our Aſſizes. This Buſineſs is always unpleaſant to me, but doubly irkſome at preſent, as coming ſo ſoon after my having been from Home, and the having been with you.

LETTER LXXV.

I AM juſt returned from our Aſſizes at *Chelmsford*, where we had, thank God, no mortal Doings, this Time; only a few litigious Suits of Law, for leſs Sums than, I am very ſure, the Expences, what with Proceſs, Lawyers, Attornies, and Witneſſes brought from far, *cum multis*, muſt have amounted to.

But there was one very ſhameful Trial, there. A rich Farmer had indited a young Fellow, for the ſtealing a Horſe, and the Fact was fully proved againſt him; when his Mother appeared in Court, and

ſwore

ſwore the Priſoner to be the natural Son of the Proſecutor; who had never given him Trade, Education, or Subſiſtence.

This Circumſtance ſaved his Life, as it induced the Jury to recommend him for Tranſportation. The Father was juſtly rated by the Judge, for his inhuman Neglect of the Boy, and hooted out of Court, by the Populace.

Men are often too apt to overlook an Obligation of this Kind, intirely. But, indeed, how little Attention is paid, in general, to Morals which have no legal Sanction to enforce them! Men appear to be aſhamed of this Sort of Connection, as if it was the Child's Fault, inſtead of their own.

Let us ſuppoſe a poor unfortunate *natural* Child to ſtand forth and ſpeak thus to his *unnatural* Parent. "Father, *thou* haſt ſinned againſt Heaven, and am *I*, therefore, unworthy to be called thy Son?" Would not the Reproof be juſt? Shall a Man boaſt of the Crime, and yet be aſhamed of the Fruits of it?

The good Dean was at *Chelmsford*, about ſome ſmall Buſineſs of Tythes, and heartily wiſhed me Joy, on your Account. Tell our Friend, ſaid he, that I rejoice he is become *one of us*, at laſt.

The Weather was remarkably fine, during the Aſſizes; which I was ſorry for, as I was all the while obliged to attend on Juries. Confinement on a fair

Day

Day makes one apt to feel as if they were in a Gaol.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXVI.

THE Country is not quite ſo barren of Intelligence, as I once imagined.* If one has but their Eyes and Ears a little abroad, they may pick up an Anecdote, now and then, which might ſupply a Paragraph for a *News-Paper*.

I am, however, extremely ſorry for the Article I am going to communicate to you, at preſent. I ſhall not mention any

* See Letter xxxii.

Names; becauſe, in the firſt Place, the Perſons are not of your Acquaintance; and, in the next, for a ſtill better Reaſon; if they were, you would ſtill feel an higher Concern in the Misfortune.

An unhappy Affair has happened lately, in a very reſpectable Family of this Neighbourhood. A young Lady, of all ſeeming Modeſty and good Behaviour, has been detected in an illicit Amour, with a young Gentleman, her near Relation; her firſt Couſin, I hear; for I have no Intercourſe with the Family, myſelf.

As the Story has unluckily become Publick, through the ſtill further Indiſcretion of one of the Parties, 'tis too late, now, I fear, to repair the Damage—If

you

you close up a Wound, before the Air has got to it, the Surgeons say it will soon heal; but if suffered *to take Wind*, 'tis apt to fester.

I have always thought that Cousin-Germans were dangerous Connections. They are apt to contract all the Fondness and Familiarity of Brothers and Sisters, but without the Restraint of Custom or Opinion.

I am so offended at this Story, that I cannot help saying, as somebody does in a Play—*Cousins! The Devil take such Cousins.* But I shall dwell no longer on the Subject, as I actually feel, while I am relating it, as if I was myself inventing the Scandal.

Farewel.

LETTER LXXVII.

My dear Friend,

WHAT you tell me, about Mr. ——, does not at all ſurprize me, in ſuch Times as the preſent; that a Man ſhould be able to cut a Figure, who is capable of cutting Throats, or Purſes. Gamblers may be fitly compared to *the Lilies of the Field; they toil not, neither do they ſpin*; and yet often ſhine forth in *Solomon's Array*.

I fear that we may likewiſe borrow a Sentence from the ſubſequent Verſe; *which to-day is, and to-morrow is caſt into the*

Fire.

Fire. Knaves may live, where honeſt Men would ſtarve. There is a Theorem, in Geometry, that between a Circle and its Tangent, an Infinity of *crooked Lines* may paſs, but not one *ſtraight one.*

When Perſons are ſeen to riſe into Affluence, without the Means of Trade, Profeſſion, Lottery, or Inheritance, it muſt be an extraordinary Œconomy, indeed, which can keep itſelf clear of Imputation. *Aude aliquid* is the Motto of this Age.

When we ſee, which one has the Mortification too frequently to do, ſuch ſhameleſs Upſtarts emblazoning themſelves to the World, I cannot but conſider their rich Side-boards as *gilded Brands*, and their rolling Chariots as *moving Pillories*,

to render their Infamy but the more general and conſpicuous.

When we ſee Perſons of baſe Origin *lording* it over their Superiors, while Men of Family or Merit languiſh in Oblivion, or pine in ſecret Want, I fancy I am looking into a Brook, where the Trees on the Margin ſeem to have their Roots in the Air, and their Heads upon the Ground. "I ſee the Maſter walk on Foot, and the Servants ride on Horſeback."*

If a Man happen to be poor, 'tis a Diſadvantage to have been born or bred a Gentleman; becauſe 'tis too likely that he may never be able to advance his For-

* The Proverbs.

tunes.

tunes. Mean Perſons have many Ways of raiſing themſelves to Opulence; becauſe they can fawn, will flatter, and uſe all Methods, however baſe or ſervile, for their own Purpoſes. *Fruits muſt be planted*; *Muſhrooms ſpring of themſelves.*

But the Night is growing late, and 'tis Time now to have done with all Reflections, which do not relate immediately to one's ſelf.

Adieu, donc.

LETTER LXXVIII.

I MUST amuſe myſelf at Home, I have neither Inclination nor Neighbours to tempt me to ſtir abroad. I am become a perfect *Robinſon Cruſoe*, of late; with a deal of Reflection, but little Action. I would exchange my whole Houſehold, for his ſingle Man, *Friday*—I ſhould have more Comfort in my Family. 'Tis a ſad Thing, they ſay, to be an Exile, from one's Country. I begin to think that 'tis worſe to become one in it.

My Entertainment, for theſe few Days paſt, has been the reading of a vaſt Collec-

tion of *Thoughts on various Subjects*, which have been ſcraped together, like the *Gathering-in of Nations*, from all the Books of the Kind, that had ever been publiſhed, I ſuppoſe, in every Language.

I could wiſh that the Compiler had been capable of digeſting his Materials ſomewhat better than he has done; for he ſeems to have been rather more induſtrious to fill his Pages, than to Store the Mind.

Non multis opus eſt, Sed efficacibus.

I have met with ſeveral good Things, among them, that I recollect to have ſeen before; but which I fancy he muſt have noted down from imperfect Memory; as

they

they were ſo cruelly maſſacred, that I could not diſtinguiſh them by their Features, and knew them only by ſome Fragments of their Garments.

I have ever had a particular Reliſh, for Writings of this Sort. Thoſe who have no other Faculty of the Intellect perfect, but Memory, ſhould certainly read Hiſtory; for they who are incapable of Reflection, ought to ſupply the Mind with Facts. But I have been always fonder of that Kind of Study, which may beſt ſupply the Contemplation with Hints or Rules for the Conduct or Œconomy of common Life; which, let the Ambitious, or Vain-glorious ſay what they pleaſe, will certainly anſwer to the beſt Account, upon the whole.

Dif-

Diſcourſes are like *planting a Tree*; the thriving of which is weakly and precarious; but Adages reſemble the *ſowing a Seed*, which ſtrikes ſurer and deeper Root. We are more apt to remember a Sentence than a Sermon; and in Phyſic I prefer Eſſences to Drugs.

Old Folks are generally proverbial; becauſe the Experience of Age has afforded them Leiſure to verify the Sentences they had picked up in their Youth. And, in reality, this is the beſt Method of inſtructing young Perſons; who are naturally too volatile to attend to a Chain of moral Reaſoning; and ſhould therefore have their Precepts given them, in ſuch ſtrong marked Characters, that *thoſe who run, may read.*

Among

Among this *Farrago*, there are many Sayings of the antient Philoſophers, quoted with Applauſe, which are rather *bons mots*, than Reaſons. I ſhall not waſte either your *Time*, or my own *Leiſure*, with repeating any of them here, except one; in order to juſtify my Remark, and to make many others of the ſame Kind, recur to your own Memory, as I dare ſay they will.

A Perſon, lamenting the Death of his Child, was reproved by his Friend, "Becauſe that his Grief was incapable of retrieving the Loſs." "*'Tis for that very Reaſon*, replied the Sage, *that I grieve.*" But ſuppoſe, now, this Repartee to have been returned, by his *Friend*; for Pertneſs cannot be reſtrained, even in Friendſhip, "It

ſhould

ſhould ſeem, then, that you would immediately ceaſe to grieve, if you thought it would." For this may be fairly enough deduced from the Reply—

I have been moſt charmingly interrupted, this Moment, by a Letter from you. I moſt heartily congratulate you.* Such News as this, ſupplies the Want of Society, to yours, ever.

Adieu.

* He had juſt got a good Living.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIX.

MY Mind continued to run on the Subject of my laſt Letter, for a conſiderable Time after I had ſent it to the Poſt; which occaſioned ſome Thoughts to occur to me, in the Proverbial Stile I ſaid I was ſo fond of; and I ſhall minute them down here, for your Amuſement, upon the allowed Privilege of *thinking aloud.*

Secreti loquimur—I am no *Merchant-Venturer*, in Wit, and never hazard, but

† So *Addiſon* ſtiles a Converſation between two Friends.

among

among Friends. And, in this particular Inſtance, perhaps, I may need the Indulgence of one; for among the Multiplicity of the Things I have read and thought, for ſome Days paſt, how can I be ſure whether a Thought has come out of my own Head, or only ſlipt out of the Budget.

THOUGHTS UPON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

We pay a Purchaſe, for all the Goods in Life; either by the Labour to procure, the Anxiety to preſerve, or the Regret at loſing them.

Old Folks would have young ones as wiſe as themſelves; without conſidering they would be Fools if they were ſo.

Men

Men are not conſcious of their Vices, while they remain under the Delirium. A Perſon muſt become ſober, before he acknowledge himſelf to have been drunk.

Foreboding Ill is Madneſs—Are there not Misfortunes enough to be had, *ready made*, but we muſt *beſpeak them?*

A little Thought ſaves a great deal. The ſame may be ſaid of Trouble.

The Character of an Author has a Contradiction of Terms in it. For it gives *Fame*, without *Credit*.

Some modern Writer ſtiles *Neceſſity* a tenth Muſe; but he does her Injuſtice. She is rather the *firſt*, or indeed the *Parent*,

rent, of them all, as being *the Mother of Invention.*

Of all immodeſt Writers it may be juſtly ſaid, their Muſe was ſo poor, that ſhe had not wherewithal *to cover her Nakedneſs.*

When we reſent another Perſon's Pride, we juſtify it, by our own. Quære?

Your *holyday Chriſtians* too often impoſe themſelves on the World, for Perſons of Sanctity. 'Tis not by the *Sabbath*, but the *ſix Days*, that our Virtue and Religion are to be eſtimated.

The *Croſs* was the *Tree of Life.*

To do one an Injury, and never forgive them, is a moſt ſhocking Deſcription of a Character; and yet it might ſerve to abate the Diſguſt it creates, if we but attend a little to the Cauſe of it. We ſpeak evil of thoſe, to whom we have done it, not from any additional Malice, but by way only of palliating our own Injuſtice, and preventing by Detraction the World from taking Part with the injured Perſon. This is no more than acting in one's own Defence; like a Bravo's repeating his Stroke, to put it out of his Antagoniſt's Power to revenge the Aſſault. So that 'tis the firſt Act only, that we ſhould reſent, all the reſt, ſuch is the Nature of Vice, follows, of courſe.

A Confidence in Mankind, is but a Confidence in their Maker. We truſt a Watch with our Time, on the ſame Credit; and why not a Friend with our Money.

Tears were not given us, for ourſelves. Philoſophy forbids them, in our own Caſe; they are a Weakneſs, when ſelfiſh; but become a Virtue, when ſhed for others.

Nothing is ſo contrary to Goodbreeding, as Punctilio. The trueſt Art of Politeneſs, is to be perfectly at Eaſe, oneſelf, without diſguſting or incommoding others.

Virtue is a *Practice*, not a *Study*.

Admi-

Admiration is ſaid to be the Daughter of Ignorance; but this Sentiment regards only the Works of Art; for, with reſpect to thoſe of Nature, the Admiration, as well as the Adoration of the Philoſopher, or Man of Science, muſt infinitely exceed that of the Vulgar.

The Indians muſt be but bad Surgeons; for they cannot be verſed in Anatomy, as their Religion forbids their touching, or breaking up a Corpſe. Such a Superſtition appears to reſpect the Dead, rather than the Living. Heathens ſeems to look upon the Body, as the Man; but Chriſtians conſider it only as his *old Coat*.

If mutual Wants, as Philoſophers ſay, form the natural Cement of Society; ſurely

ſurely mutual Miſeries muſt ſtrengthen them.

Perſons who are well born, ſhould take care to preſerve their Diſtinction, by being well bred, alſo; in order to mark the Difference, properly, between them and the Vulgar; for Dreſs, and Equipage, without Manners, Air, and Demeanour, are not ſufficient Criterions. One may be hired, or borrowed; the other not.

Happineſs, to be permanent, muſt be ſeated in the Mind. All foreign Satisfactions are precarious. The firſt only, are the *Goods*, the latter but the *Moveables*, of Life.

Life is our exile; Death but our recal.

But 'tis Time now, to recall my Mind home from wandering, for the reſt of the Evening; therefore, my dear Friend,

Adieu.

LETTER LXXX.

I Received a Letter, laſt Pacquet, from *Ireland*, that has given me a good deal of Pleaſure and Satisfaction. How flattering a Thing it is to be remembered! I am impatient to ſend it to you; and, as if I thought the Poſt waited for me, I ſhall not detain you longer than juſt to incloſe it, and to ſay,

Adieu.

THE

THE LETTER.

Dear Sir, *Dublin* College.

I do not know whether you may poſſibly recollect me, after ſuch an Interval of Time, but as you ſeemed, the few and ſhort Spaces I had the Happineſs to ſpend in your Company within theſe Claſſic Walls, to mark an Approbation of ſome Works of Genius you happened to have met with, among us, I here preſent you with a lively Piece of ſatirical Wit, that was written, many Years ago, by Doctor *Swift*; at a Time when our Sectaries here made a Buſtle to get the *Teſt-Act* aboliſhed in Parliament, and lay the *Incloſures* open as *Common-Land*.

Theſe Lines were never publiſhed; for though the humouriſt Author amuſed himſelf with laughing at the *Separatiſts*, he did not care to ſtrengthen the Legiſlature, which oppoſed them, and which he was equally averſe to, with the Force of his Ridicule.

As *Swift* never gave a Copy of it, it has been only preſerved in Memory, by a few Friends of his, ever ſince, to whom he had privately repeated it. From one of whom, Mr. *Rochfort*, I, this Morning, received the *oral Tradition*, and had his Permiſſion to minute it down for you. The very Stile of it will be ſufficient to vouch its Genuineneſs.

I am,

I am, dear Sir, with an earneſt Wiſh for a Reviſit, your moſt humble and obedient Servant,

F. A.

On the Day of Judgment.

With undigeſted Thoughts oppreſt,
I ſunk from Reverie to Reſt.
An horrid Viſion ſeized my Head;
I ſaw the Graves yawn up their Dead;
Jove armed with Terrors ope'd the Skies,
The Thunder roars, and Lightning flies;
While each pale Spectre hangs its Head,
Jove nodded, burſt the Clouds, and ſaid;
" You whom the various Sects have ſhammed,
" And come to ſee each other damned,
" As Prieſts have threatened; tho' they knew
" No more of my Decrees, than you;
" The World's vain Buſineſs now being o'er,
" Such Dogmas may prevail no more.
" I 'gainſt ſuch Blockheads ſet my Wit!
" I damn ſuch Fools! Go, go, you're bit—

LETTER LXXXI.

THE Change of Miniſters you ſpeak of, convinces me of what I have long obſerved, that it is never an Alteration of Meaſures, but only a Rotation of a certain Set of Men, who being too numerous to be gratified all at once, muſt take their Turns in Succeſſion, to quiet caballing.

The old Diſtinctions of *Whig* and *Tory*, *High-church* and *Low-church*, are ſtill kept alive, though the Principles which gave Riſe to them, are forgotten, and the Spirit evaporated; ſo that the Denominations of *Heydukes* and *Mameluke*s,

lukes, *Mandarins* and *Potſhaws*, might ſerve as well, as *Swift* ſaid, to arrange our Parties under, for any Good they do the mad Fools who flock to their Standards.

Philoſophers make ſo nice a Calculation, as to venture to affirm that it is *as the fifth Power of Infinite to Unity*, exactly, that in a fortuitous Concourſe *a Priſm ſhall never enter into a priſmatic Bore.**

How much higher then, muſt the Odds riſe, in Politics, where even *Chance* is not allowed fair Play for its Contingency; and that there ſeems to be *a regular Deſign* formed, to prevent a proper Adaption of Officers to Offices?

* See *Hucheſon*, on Beauty, Harmony, and Order.

In ſhort we have *Changes*, indeed, but no *Chances*, in this mortal Life. Theſe are melancholy Reflections. Let us have done with them.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXXII.

I SHALL ſet out for *Scarborough*, in a few Days, to try an Experiment on my Diſorder. 'Tis not by the Advice of any of *the Faculty*, but of the beſt Phyſician in the World; a Perſon who has been cured of the ſame Complaint, by thoſe Waters.

He is a very ſenſible Man, and about my own Age. He dined with me, Yeſterday,

ſterday, being introduced to me, on this very Account, by Mr. *Aſton*—*Benedick*, *the married Man*—who came to return my Viſit. The *Ox-eyed Goddeſs* * was not with him; and if ſhe was with *Ixion*, in the Clouds, it would be no great Matter, by what I could gather from his Manner of mentioning her. When a Man ſpeaks of a Wife, *with Reſpect*, before the Honey-moon has waned, his *Fondneſs* muſt be all over.

Write often to me at *Scarborough*: I ſhall need your Society more abroad, than I do even at home.

Adieu.

* *Juno*, ſo ſtiled by *Homer*. See Letter LXXI.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Scarborough.

I HAVE been here but a few Days—you cannot expect any promiſing Account of me yet. The Days of *Spells* are long ſince paſt. I wiſh that even *ſlow and ſure*, were the Motto of modern Phyſic.

I think that *Patients* is a very proper Term, for *Invalids*; and that a good Parody may be made on that beautiful Deſcription which *Viola* gives of an unhappy love-ſick Maid, in the *Twelfth Night*.

"Like *Patience* on a *Monument*, ſmiling at *Med'cine*."

There is a *World* of Company here; or I had better have uſed the Word *Sea*; as they ſeem to pour in upon us like the *Waves*, but with this Difference, that there appears no *Ebb*, yet, tho' the Seaſon is a good deal advanced.

Lord *Granby* is among us. I never happened to have ſeen him before—I own I longed much to view a *real* Heroe; having never ſeen any of that Character, but what are generally *miſrepreſented*, on the Stage; where the *Dramatis Perſonæ* have no other Way of marking their gallant Spirits, but by Looks of Fierceneſs, Pride or Diſdain.

His Lordſhip frowns none of ſuch Aſpects upon us. He has a Meekneſs,

The

a Modesty, and a genuine Liberality, in his Looks and Demeanour. He has the Jovialness of *Falstaff*, in his Countenance, with the Bravery of Prince *Hal*, in his Heart. There is no Bounds to his Charity and Benevolence, for it exceeds even his own large Income, and he may be truly compared to *Sampson*'s *Lion*, whose *Bowels were filled with Honey.*

This is my Heroe, let *Quintus Curtius* say what he will of *Alexander*. Such a Man needs no Chaplain, or I would recommend you to him.

Adieu.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Scarborough.

I RECEIVED your obliging Letter, and thank you for the ſeveral Articles of News in it, both foreign and domeſtic, public and private. They have enabled me to make a Figure among the Beaumonde, at our Coffee-houſe, here.

I have regularly drank the Waters, and bathed every Day, for this Fortnight, but without any ſenſible Effect yet; though I ſee others who have already benefited of the ſame Regimen here, in the ſame Space of Time; but their Diſorders, I ſuppoſe, had not ſtruck ſuch deep Root.

The

The World is very gay at our Aſſemblies and Balls; and we have a Number of Perſons of Faſhion, here, of both Sexes, who dreſs out in the higheſt Modes of French Fopperies. This is ſurely a ſtrange Infatuation. The *Maſters* of *Europe* are become but the *Petit-maitres* of a Province, at preſent!

Tacitus, ſpeaking of the antient Britons adopting the Dreſs and Manners of the Romans, their Conquerors, which they looked upon as a Refinement, inſtead of Badges of their Subjection, ſays, *Pars Servitutis erat.*

The Tartars, when they conquered *China*, eſtabliſhed their own Habits of Dreſs there; ſo that the rival Nations could

could not be diſtinguiſhed from each other, by their outward Appearances; which prevented the Natives from being able to perceive their own Superiority of Numbers, and profiting of it.

Might not this Subject ſupply ſome Matter of Reflection to our Legiſlature? Unleſs, by ſuffering the Modes and Manners of the French ſo generally to obtain, in *Britain*, they ſhould mean to have their Policies alſo to follow them, and render the King of England *un Grand Monarque*, at laſt. Avert ſuch Ills, ye Britons!

Adieu.

LET-

LETTER LXXXV.

Scarborough.

I STILL continue my Regimen, and have now added an Article to it, though I was forbidden it, *on Pain of Death*, by a Phyſician here, whom I fee'd for his Opinion, on the very Point.

I had heard that drinking the Sea Water had been very medicinal, in many Caſes, and had a Mind to make the Experiment of it, in mine; but the Doctor told me that if my Diſorder proceeded, as he apprehended it did, from ſome Unſoundneſs, in the *Viſcera*, ſuch a Potion muſt deſtroy me.

You

You may as well argue with a Man in a Paſſion, as one in Pain. I was in ſuch Agony, at the Time, that I would have *drank up Eſil, or eat a Crocodile*, for Relief. I reſolved, therefore, to venture. Kill or Cure Medicines are often permitted, in deſperate Caſes. It is but a Sort of *Moral Suicide*, at moſt. I tried it; this is the fourth Day; and I have the Triumph to find that, not only my Stomach has got Eaſe, but my Appetite is increaſed.

This has given me vaſt Spirits; I went to the Play laſt Night, for the firſt Time; and perhaps may go to the Ball, this Evening—A cheerful Man cannot live alone. I am reſolved never to be grave again. You muſt get a ſoberer Correſpondent,

ſpondent, for the future. I ſhall continue to write ſtill; but it ſhall be only to your Daughter, to whom I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf, my lovely Maid, and dear Fifteen, your admiring Slave,

Renaſcens.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Scarborough.

I Continue ſtill well, and in Appetite and Spirits. I walk a great deal over theſe romantic Cliffs, contemplating the greateſt and moſt wonderful Object in Nature; which though inanimate, ſeems endowed with the Property of Self-motion.

The

The Thoughts which poſſeſs me, on theſe Occaſions, lift me above their higheſt Hills, even to *Olympus-Top*. When I hear of numerous Squadrons on the embattled Plain, I think of the Sea, and contemn their Forces. When they ſpeak of Kings with all their gorgeous Trains, I recollect a Star, and they quick ſtart from their Spheres, and ſhoot themſelves out of Sight, like nightly Meteors.

When ſuch Ideas are once raiſed in the contemplative Mind,

" How weary, ſtale, flat and unprofitable,
" Seem to *it* all the Uſes of this World?"

And how muſt the Soul of Man exult, in his own Littleneſs, from rejoicing, in the

Greatneſs

Greatneſs of a ſuperior Being! How mean, in ourſelves, but how noble, in our Creator!

O, no! our Souls were never *lent* us, like Life, but for a Seaſon. When we ſay *the Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, and bleſſed be the Name of the Lord*, we could never pray ſo, if we imagined this precious Article to be included among ſuch tranſitory Gifts. Religion would ſicken, at the Thought; Devotion flag its Pinions, droop, and die—

If, as 'tis ſaid, the People of *Iſrael* had never received any farther Promiſes than of the temporal Bleſſings of Life, this may, perhaps, account for the frequent Backſlidings of the Jews. Their Piety

could

could riſe no higher than Allegiance, at beſt; Commands are not ſufficiently enforced, by human Sanctions, only.

I ſaid, in my laſt Letter, that I would never be grave again; but I hope you don't think I have broke my Word, here; for you know, *in your Heart*, that ſuch Thoughts as theſe, are the pleaſanteſt and moſt chearful ones, that the Imagination can poſſibly frame; and the ſerious Caſt of them fitter becomes the Day, which happens to be the *Sabbath*.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVII.

Scarborough.

I HAVE performed all my Ablutions ſufficiently for the Seaſon, and ſhall quit this Place, in a few Days. I have received conſiderable Benefit from the Waters here, both freſh and ſalt; though in the Midſt of my Triumph I ſometimes feel a Monitor in my Breaſt, which, like the *Roman Slave*, bids me *remember my Mortality*.

I have gone to many Plays, here; moſtly the Tragedies. Bad Actors do better, in ſuch Repreſentations, than in

Comedy.

Comedy. The Sentiments, Diction, and Diſtreſs in the former, divert the Attention of the Audience, from the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, more than the latter is capable of doing.

Quod acer Spiritus ac Vis,
Nec Verbis, nec Rebus ineſt—

But in general, I prefer *Melpomene* to *Thalia*, on the Stage. Mirth and Joy give but ſingle and tranſitory Senſations; but Sorrow and Compaſſion are compounded of two, ſometimes more; of Pity for the Diſtreſs, a generous Wiſh to relieve it, and, in ſome Caſes, an honeſt Indignation, againſt the Author of it. Theſe Sentiments ſink deeper in our Hearts, and conſequently dwell longer on

our

our Minds. At a Comedy we ſwallow like a *Heron*; whoſe Digeſtion is too quick for Nouriſhment; but from a Tragedy, we bring away *the Cud.*

How admirably has kind Providence adapted our Natures to our State in Life, by rendering an Indulgence in Melancholy, pleaſing! which like the plaintive Notes of Muſic, poſſeſſes us with the moſt voluptuous Senſibility! So ends my *Epilogue*, and

adieu.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVIII.

I SHALL ſet out from Home to-morrow; and ſhall have the Pleaſure of travelling, moſt part of the Way, with an agreeable Invalid I happened to become acquainted with, ſince I came here.

We were ſpeaking, lately, on the Subject of the Warmth and Violence of Parties, which have riſen to ſuch a Height among us, at preſent; and comparing them with Situations recorded in Hiſtory —which was an eaſy Matter to do, as all Times of Commotion are generally like all other Times of Commotion—upon

which Occaſion, he lent me a moſt admirable well written Tract, which has been long out of Print, and contains the Subſtance of many Volumes, in a few Pages, on the Subjects both of our Conſtitution and Parties; preferable, in my Opinion, to *Clarendon*'s there Folios *of Parentheſes*; and which, by being referred to theſe Times, may be capable of producing more ſalutary Effects on all impartial and diſpaſſionate Readers, than the moſt elaborate Treatiſe that could poſſibly be compoſed for the preſent Æra. This political Writing relates to Meaſures; moſt modern ones apply to Men.

I have borrowed it to lend you, for your Entertainment; and if you think of it as both he and I do, you are at liberty

liberty to throw it into any of the Magazines you chuſe, as we would have it circulate.

Adieu.

Lord Moleſworth's *Preface to* Hotoman's Franco-Gallia *tranſlated by him, and printed in* 1705, *in the Reign of* *Queen* Anne.

MANY Books and Papers have been publiſhed, ſince the late Revolution,* tending to juſtify the Proceedings of the People of *England*, at that happy Juncture; by ſetting in a true Light our juſt Rights and Liberties, together with

* In 1688.

the ſolid Foundation of our *Conſtitution*; which, in truth, is not our's only, but that of almoſt all Europe, beſides; ſo wiſely reſtored and eſtabliſhed, (if not introduced) by the *Goths* and *Franks*, whoſe Deſcendants we are.

Theſe Books have as conſtantly had ſome Things, called *Anſwers*, written to them, by Perſons of different Sentiments; who certainly either never ſeriouſly conſidered that they were thereby endeavouring to deſtroy their own Happineſs, and overthrow her Majeſty's Title to the Crown; or, if they knew what they did, preſumed upon the Lenity of that Government they decried; which, were there no better Reaſon, ought to have recommended it to their Approbation, *ſince it*

*could patiently bear with ſuch as were doing all they could to undermine it.**

Not to mention the Railing, Virulence, or perſonal falſe Reflections, in many of thoſe Anſwers, (which are always a Sign of a weak Cauſe, or a feeble Champion) ſome of *them* aſſerted the *divine Right* of an *hereditary Monarch*, and the Impiety of *Reſiſtance*, upon any Terms whatever, notwithſtanding any *Authorities* to the contrary.

* Apply this Reflection to the preſent Times. *L' Abbé le Blanc*, who lived ſometime in this Country, writing to a Friend in *France*, ſays, upon this Subject, " The Licentiouſneſs of the *Saturnalia*, laſted only three Days, at *Rome*, but one would imagine there was not a Day in the Year, on which this Pagan Feſtival was not celebrated, in *England*.

Others (and thoſe the more judicious) denied poſitively that ſufficient *Authorities* could be produced to prove, that a *free People* have a *juſt Power* to defend themſelves, by oppoſing their *Prince*, who endeavours to oppreſs and enſlave them; and alledged, that whatever was ſaid or done, tending that Way, proceeded from a Spirit of *Rebellion*, and *antimonarchical Principles.*

To confute, or convince this laſt Sort of Arguers, (the firſt not being worthy to have Notice taken of them) I ſet about tranſlating the *Franco-Gallia* of that moſt learned and judicious *Civilian*, *Francis Hotoman*, a grave, ſincere, and unexceptionable Author, even in the Opinion of his Adverſaries. This Book gives an

Account

Account of the antient *free State* of above three Parts out of four of *Europe*; and has of a long Time appeared to me ſo convincing and inſtructive in thoſe important Points he handles, that I could not be idle whilſt it remained unknown, in a Manner, to *Engliſhmen*; who, of all People living, have the greateſt Reaſon and Need to be thoroughly inſtructed in what it contains; as having, on the one Hand, the moſt to loſe, and, on the other, the leaſt Senſe of their Right to that, which hitherto they ſeem (at leaſt in great Meaſure) to have preſerved.

It will be obvious to every Reader, that I have taken no great Pains to write elegantly. What I endeavour at, is as plain a Stile as poſſible, which on this

Occaſion I take to be the beſt: for ſince the Inſtruction of Mankind ought to be the principal Drift of all Writers (of Hiſtory eſpecially) whoever writes to the Capacity of moſt Readers, in my Opinion, moſt fully anſwers the End.

I am not ignorant, how tireſome and difficult a Piece of Work it is to *tranſlate*, nor how little valued in the World. My Experience has convinced me, that it is more troubleſome and teazing than to write and invent at once. The Idiom of the Language out of which one tranſlates, runs ſo in the Head, that it is next to impoſſible not to fall frequently into it. And the more bald and incorrect the Stile of the Original is, the more ſhall that of the Tranſlation be ſo too. Many of the Quota-

Quotations in this Book are drawn from Prieſts, Monks, Friars, and civil Lawyers, who minded more, in thoſe barbarous Ages, the Subſtance than the Stile of their Writings: and I hope theſe Conſiderations may attone for ſeveral Faults, which might be found in my Share of the Work.

But I deſire not to be miſunderſtood, as if, whilſt I am craving Favour for myſelf, I were making any Apology for ſuch a Number of mercenary Scribblers, Animadverters and Tranſlators, as peſter us in this Age; who generally ſpoil the good Books which fall into their Hands, and hinder others from obliging the Public, who would otherwiſe do it to greater Advantage.

I take this Author to be one of thoſe few, that has had the good Luck to eſcape them; and I make uſe of this Occaſion to declare, that the chief Motive which induces me to ſend abroad this ſmall Treatiſe, is a ſincere Deſire of inſtructing the only Poſſeſſors of true Liberty in the World, what Right and Title they have to that Liberty; of what a great Value it is; what Miſery follows the Loſs of it; how eaſily, if Care be taken in Time, it may be preſerved: and if this either opens the Eyes, or confirms the honourable Reſolutions, of any of my worthy Countrymen, I have gained a glorious End: and done that in my Study, which I ſhould have promoted any other Way, had I been called to it.

I hope

I hope to die with the Comfort of believing that *old England* will continue to be a free Country, and *know* itſelf to be *ſuch*; that my Friends, Relations, and Children, with their Poſterity, will inherit their Share of this ineſtimable Bleſſing, and that I have contributed my Part toward it.

But there is one very great Diſcouragement under which both I, and all other Writers and Tranſlators of Books, tending to the acquiring or preſerving the public Liberty, do lie; and that is, the heavy Calumny thrown upon us, that we are all *Commonwealth's Men*: Which, (in the ordinary Meaning of the Word) amounts to *Haters* of *Kingly* Government; not without malicious Inſinua-

tions, that we are no great Friends to the preſent.

Indeed were the *Laity* of our Nation (as too many of our *Clergy* unhappily are) to be guided by the Senſe of one of our Univerſities, * ſolemnly and publickly declared by the burning of twenty-ſeven Propoſitions (ſome of them deſerving that Cenſure, but others being the very Foundation of all our Civil Rights;) I, and many like me, would appear to be very much in the wrong. But ſince the *Revolution*, in Eighty-eight, that we ſtand upon another and better Bottom, *tho' no other than our own old one*, 'tis Time that our *Notions* ſhould be ſuited to our *Conſtitution*. And truly, as Matters ſtand, I

* *Oxford.*

have

have often wondered, either how ſo many of our Gentlemen, educated under ſuch Prejudices, ſhould retain any Senſe at all of Liberty; for, *the hardeſt Leſſon is to unlearn:* Or how an Education ſo diametrically oppoſite to our *Bill of Rights*, ſhould be ſo long encouraged.

Methinks a *Civil Teſt* might be contrived, and prove very convenient to diſtinguiſh thoſe that own the *Revolution Principles*, from ſuch as *totis viribus* oppoſe them; and at the ſame Time do fatally propagate Doctrines, which lay too heavy a Load upon *Chriſtianity* itſelf, and make us prove our own Executioners.

The Names of *Whig* and *Tory* will, I am afraid, laſt as long among us, as thoſe of

of *Guelf* and *Ghibelline* did in *Italy*. I am ſorry for it: But to ſome they become neceſſary, for Diſtinction Sake; not ſo much for the Principles formerly adapted to each Name, as for particular and worſe Reaſons. For there has been ſuch chopping and changing, both of Names and Principles, that we ſcarce know who is who. I think it therefore neceſſary, in order to appear in my own Colours, to make a public Profeſſion of my *political Faith*; not doubting but it may agree, in ſeveral Particulars, with that of many worthy Perſons, who are undeſervedly aſperſed as I am.

My Notion of a *Whig*, * I mean of a real

* The juſteſt and moſt compleat Deſcription of this Character, that ever was drawn, is given in this excellent Tract.

Whig, for the *nominal* are worſe than any Sort of Men, is, that he is one who is exactly for keeping up to the Strictneſs of the true old *Gothic Conſtitution*, under the three Eſtates, of *King* (or *Queen*) *Lords* and *Commons*; the *Legiſlature* being ſeated in all three together, the *executive* intruſted with the firſt, but accountable to the whole Body of the People, in Caſe of Mal-adminiſtration.

A true *Whig* is of Opinion, that the *executive* Power has as juſt a Title to the *Allegiance* and Obedience of the Subject, according to the *Rules of known Laws enacted by the legiſlative*, as the *Subject* has to *Protection*, *Liberty* and *Property*: And ſo on the contrary.

A true

A true *Whig* is not aftaid of the Name of a *Commonwealthſman*, becauſe ſo many fooliſh People, who know not what it means, run it down: The *Anarchy* and *Confuſion* which theſe Nations fell into, near ſixty Years ago, and which was *falſly* called a *Commonwealth*, frightening them out of the *true* Conſtruction of the Word. But Queen *Elizabeth*, and many other of our beſt Princes, were not ſcrupulous of calling our Government a *Commonwealth*, even in their ſolemn Speeches to Parliament. And indeed if it be not one, I cannot tell by what Name properly to call it: For where in the very *Frame* of the *Conſtitution*, the Good of the *whole* is taken Care of, *by* the *whole* (as in our Caſe) the having a *King* or *Queen* at the Head of it, alters not the Caſe; and the

ſoftening

ſoftening of it by calling it a *limited Monarchy* ſeems a Kind of Contradiction, in Terms, invented to pleaſe ſome weak and doubting Perſons.

And becauſe ſome of our *Princes*, in this laſt Age, did their utmoſt Endeavour to deſtroy this Union and Harmony of the *three Eſtates*, and to be *arbitrary* or *independant*, they ought to be looked upon as the *Aggreſſors* upon our Conſtitution.

This drove the other *two Eſtates* (for the Sake of the public Preſervation) into the fatal Neceſſity of providing for themſelves, and when once the Wheel was ſet a running, 'twas not in the Power of Man to ſtop it, juſt where it ought to have

have reſted. This is ſo ordinary in all violent Motions, whether mechanick or political, that no Body can wonder at it.

But no wiſe Men approved of the ill Effects of thoſe violent Motions, either Way, could they have helped them. Yet it muſt be owned they have (as often as uſed, through an extraordinary Piece of good Fortune) brought us back to our old Conſtitution again, which elſe had been loſt; for there are numberleſs Inſtances in Hiſtory, of a Downfall from a State of *Liberty* to *Tyranny*, but very few of a Recovery of *Liberty* from *Tyranny*, if this laſt have had any Length of Time to fix itſelf, and take Root.

Let all ſuch, who either through Interreſt or Ignorance, are Adorers of *abſolute Monarchs*,

Monarchs, ſay what they pleaſe; an *Engliſh Whig* can never be ſo unjuſt to his Country, and to right Reaſon, as not to be of Opinion, that in all civil Commotions, which Side ſoever is the *wrongful Aggreſſor*, is accountable for all the evil Conſequences: And through the Courſe of his Reading (tho' my Lord *Clarendon*'s Books be thrown into the Heap) he will find it very difficult to obſerve, that ever the People of *England* took up Arms againſt their *Prince*, but when conſtrained to it by a neceſſary Care of their *Liberties* and the *Conſtitution*.

'Tis certainly as much *Treaſon* and *Rebellion* againſt this *Conſtitution*, and the *known* Laws, in a *Prince* to endeavour to break

break through them, as 'tis in the *People* to riſe againſt him, whilſt he keeps within their Bounds, and does his Duty. Our Conſtitution is a Government of *Laws*, not of *Perſons*. *Allegiance* and *Protection* are Obligations, that cannot ſubſiſt ſeparately; when one fails, the other falls of Courſe. The true Etymology of the Word *Loyalty*, * (which has been ſo ſtrangely wreſted in the late Reigns) is an entire Obedience to the Prince, in all his Commands according to Law; that is, to the *Laws themſelves*, to which we owe both an active, and paſſive Obedience.

By the old and true Maxim, that *the King can do no wrong*, no body is ſo fooliſh as to conclude, that he has no Strength

* Derived from the French Word *Loy*, Law.

to

to murder, to offer Violence to Women, or Power enough to diſpoſſeſs a Man wrongfully of his Eſtate; or that whatever he does (how wicked ſoever) is juſt: But the Meaning is, he has no *lawful Power* to do ſuch Things, and our Conſtitution conſiders no Power as *irreſiſtible*, but what is *lawful*.

And ſince *Religion* is become a great and univerſal Concern, and drawn into our Government, as it affects every ſingle Man's Conſcience; tho' in my private Opinion, they ought not to be mingled, nor to have any Thing to do with each other; (I do not ſpeak of our Church Polity, which is Part of our State, and dependent upon it) ſome Account muſt be given of that Matter, alſo.

Whiggiſm

Whiggiſm is not circumſcribed and confined to any one or two of the *Religions* now profeſſed in the World, but diffuſes itſelf among all. We have known *Jews*, *Turks*, nay ſome Papiſts, (which I own to be *a greater Rarity*) very great Lovers of the Conſtitution and Liberty: And, were there *rational* Grounds to expect that any *Numbers* of them could be ſo, I ſhould be againſt uſing Severities or Diſtinctions, upon Account of Religion. For, a Papiſt is not dangerous, nor ought to be ill-uſed by any Body, becauſe he prays to Saints, believes Purgatory, or the real Preſence in the Euchariſt, and pays divine Worſhip to an Image or Picture, (which are the common Topics of our Writers of Controverſy againſt them;) but becauſe

becauſe Popery ſets up a *foreign Juriſdiction, paramount to our Laws.*

So that a *real* Papiſt can neither be a true *Governor* of a *Proteſtant* Country, nor a true *Subject*; and, beſides, is the moſt *Prieſt-ridden* Creature in the World: And, (when uppermoſt) can bear with no Body that differs from him in Opinion; little conſidering, that whoſoever is againſt *Liberty of Mind*, is, in Effect, againſt *Liberty of Body*, too. And therefore all penal *Acts of Parliament*, for Opinions *purely* religious, which have no Influence on the *State*, are ſo many Encroachments upon *Liberty*, whilſt thoſe which reſtrain Vice and Injuſtice, are againſt *Licentiouſneſs.*

I profeſs

I profeſs myſelf to have always been a Member of the *Church* of *England*, and am for ſupporting it in all its *Honours*, *Privileges*, and *Revenues*; but as a Chriſtian and a *Whig*, I muſt have Charity for thoſe that differ from me in *religious* Opinions, whether *Pagans*, *Turks*, *Jews*, *Papiſts*, *Quakers*, *Socinians*, *Preſbyterians*, or others. I look upon *Bigotry* to have always been the very Bane of human Society, and the Offspring of Intereſt and Ignorance, which has occaſioned moſt of the great Miſchiefs that have afflicted Mankind. We ought no more expect to be all of one Opinion, as to the Worſhip of the *Deity*, than to be all of one Colour or Stature. To ſtretch or narrow any Man's Conſcience to the Standard

dard of our own, is no leſs a Piece of Cruelty than that of *Procuſtes* the Tyrant of *Attica*, who uſed to fit his Gueſts to the Length of his own Iron Bedſtead, either by cutting them ſhorter, or racking them longer.

What juſt Reaſon can I have to be angry with, to endeavour to curb the natural Liberty, or to retrench the civil Advantages, of an honeſt Man, (who follows the golden Rule, of *doing to others, as he would have others to do to him*, and is willing and able to ſerve the Public) only becauſe he thinks his Way to Heaven ſurer, or ſhorter, than mine? Nobody can tell which of us is miſtaken, till the Day of Judgment; or whether

any of us be ſo (for there may be different Ways to the ſame End, and I am not for circumſcribing God-Almighty's *Mercy :)* This I am ſure of, one ſhall meet with the ſame Poſitiveneſs in Opinion, in ſome of the Prieſts of all theſe Sects ; the ſame Want of Charity, engroſſing Heaven by Way of *Monolopy* to their own *Corporation*, and managing it by a joint Stock, excluſive of all others, (as pernicious in Divinity as in Trade, and perhaps more,) the ſame Pretences to *Miracles*, *Martyrs*, *Inſpirations*, *Merits*, *Mortifications*, *Revelations*, *Auſterity*, *Antiquity*, &c. (as all Perſons converſant with Hiſtory, or that travel, know to be true) and this, *cui bono ?*

I think

I think it the Honour of the reformed Part of the Chriſtian Profeſſion, and the Church of *England*, in particular, that it pretends to fewer of theſe unuſual and extraordinary Things, than any other Religion we know of in the World; being convinced, that theſe are not the diſtinguiſhing Marks of the Truth of any Religion. (I mean, the aſſuming obſtinate Pretences to them, are not;) and it were not amiſs, if we farther enlarged our Charity, when we can do it with *Safety*, or Advantage to the State.

Let us but conſider, how hard and how impolitick it is to condemn all People but ſuch as think of the Divinity juſt as we do. May not the Tables of Perſecution be turned upon us? A *Mahometan* in

Turky is in the right, and I (if I carry my own Religion thither) am in the wrong. They will have it ſo. If the *Mahometan* comes with me to *Chriſtendom*, I am in the right, and he in the wrong; and we hate each other heartily, for differing in Speculations, which ought to have no Influence on moral Honeſty. Nay, the *Mahometan* is the more charitable, of the two, and does not puſh his Zeal ſo far; for the Chriſtians have been more cruel and ſevere in this Point, than all the World beſides. Surely Repriſals may be made upon us; as *Calvin*, burnt *Servetus*, at *Geneva*, Queen *Mary* burnt *Cranmer*, at *London*. I am ſorry I cannot readily find a more exact Parallel. The Sword cuts with both Edges.

Why,

Why, I pray you, may we not all be fellow Citizens of the World? And provided it be not the Principle of one or more Religions to extirpate all others, and to turn Perſecutors when they get Power; (for *ſuch* are not to be *endured*;) I ſay why ſhould we offer to hinder any Man from doing with his own *Soul*, what he thinks fitting? Why ſhould we not make Uſe of his Body, Eſtate, and Underſtanding, for the public Good? Let a Man's Life, Subſtance, and Liberty be under the Protection of the Laws; and I dare anſwer for him (whilſt his Stake is among us) he never will be in a different Intereſt, nor willing to quit this Protection, or to exchange it for *Poverty*, *Slavery*, and *Miſery*.

The thriving of any one *ſingle Perſon*, by honeſt Means, is the thriving of the *Commonwealth*, wherein he reſides. And in what Place ſoever of the World ſuch Encouragement is given, as that in it, one may ſecurely and peaceably enjoy *Property* and *Liberty*, both of *Mind* and *Body*, 'tis impoſſible but that Place muſt flouriſh in *Riches*, and in People, which are the *trueſt Riches* of any Country.

But as on the one Hand, a true *Whig* thinks that all Opinions purely ſpiritual and notional, ought to be indulged; ſo on the other, he is for *ſeverely puniſhing* all *Immoralities*, *Breach* of *Laws*, *Violence* and *Injuſtice*. A Miniſter's Tythes are as much his Right, as any Layman's Eſtate can be his, and no Pretence of Religion

or

or Conſcience can warrant the ſubſtracting of them, whilſt the *Law* is in being, which makes them payable: For a *Whig* is far from the Opinion that they are due, by any other Title. It would make a Man's Ears tingle, to hear the *divine Right* inſiſted upon, for any *human Inſtitutions*; and to find *God Almighty* brought in as a Principal there, where there is no Neceſſity for it. To affirm that *Monarchy*, *Epiſcopacy*, *Synods*, *Tythes*, the *hereditary Succeſſion* to the *Crown*, &c. are *Jure divino*, is to cram them down a Man's Throat, and tell him, in plain Terms, that he muſt ſubmit to all of them, under all Inconveniences, whether the Laws of his Country are for it, or againſt it.

Every *Whig* owns *Submiſſion* to Government, to be an *Ordinance* of God; *ſubmit yourſelves to every Ordinance of Man, for the Lord's Sake*, ſays the Apoſtle. Where (by the Way) pray take Notice, he calls them *Ordinances of Man*; and ſo gives you the true Notion how far any Thing can be ſaid to be *Jure divino*: Which is far ſhort of what your high flown Aſſertors of the *Jus divinum*, would carry it unto, and proves as ſtrongly for a *Republican* Government, as a Monarchical; though in Truth it affects neither, where the very Ends of Government are deſtroyed.

A right *Whig* looks upon *frequent Parliaments* as ſuch a *fundamental* Part of the Conſtitution, that even no *Parliament*

can

part with this Right. *High-whiggiſm* is for *Annual* Parliaments, and *Low-whiggiſm* for *Triennial*, with annual Meetings. I leave it to every Man's Judgment, which of theſe would be the trueſt Repreſentative; would ſooneſt eaſe the Houſe of that Number of Members that have Offices and Employments, or take Penſions from the Court; is leaſt liable to Corruption; would prevent exorbitant Expence; and ſooneſt deſtroy the pernicious Practice of drinking and bribing for Elections; or is moſt conformable to antient Cuſtom. The Law that lately paſſed with ſo much Struggle, for *triennial* Parliaments, ſhall content me, till the *Legiſlative* ſhall think fit to make them *annual*.

But methinks, (and this I write with great Submiſſion and Deference) that ſince the paſſing that Act, it ſeems inconſiſtent with the Reaſon of the Thing, and prepoſterous, for the firſt Parliament after any Prince's *Acceſſion* to the *Crown*, to give the public Revenue *ariſing by Taxes*, for a longer Time than *that Parliament's own Duration*. I cannot ſee why the Members of the firſt Parliament, ſhould (as the Caſe now ſtands) engroſs to themſelves all the Power of giving, as well as all the Merit and Rewards, due to ſuch a Gift: And why ſucceeding Parliaments ſhould not, in their Turn, have it in their Power to oblige the Prince, or to ſtreighten him, if they ſaw Occaſion; and pare his Nails, if they were convinced he made ill Uſe of ſuch a *Revenue*.

I am

I am ſure we have Inſtances, of this Kind; and a wiſe Body of Senators ought always to provide againſt the worſt that might happen. The *Honey-moon* of *Government* is a dangerous Seaſon; the Rights and Liberties of the People run a greater Riſk, at that Time, through their own Repreſentatives Compliments and Compliances, than they are ever likely to do during this Reign: and 'tis ſafer to break that Practice, when we have the Proſpect of a good and gracious Prince upon the Throne, than when we have an inflexible Perſon, who thinks every Offer an Affront, which comes not up to the Height of what his Predeceſſor had, without conſidering whether it were well or ill done, *at firſt*.

The Revenues of our Kings, for many Ages, aroſe out of their *crown Lands*; Taxes on the Subjects were raiſed only for public Exigences. But ſince we have turned the Stream, and been ſo free of Revenues for Life, ariſing from *Impoſitions* and *Taxes*, we have given Occaſion to our Princes to diſpoſe of their *crown Lands*, and depend for Maintenance of their Families, on ſuch a Sort of Income as is thought unjuſt and ungodly, in moſt Parts of the World, but in *Chriſtendom*: for, many of the arbitrary *eaſtern* Monarchs think ſo, and will not eat the Produce of ſuch a *Revenue*.

Now, ſince Matters are brought to this Paſs, 'tis plain that our Princes muſt ſubſiſt ſuitable to their high State and

Condition,

Condition, in the beſt Manner we are able to provide for them. And whilſt the *Calling* and *Duration of Parliaments* was precarious, it might indeed be an *Act of Imprudence*, though not of Injuſtice, for any *one Parliament* to ſettle ſuch a Sort of *Revenue*, for Life, on the Prince: but, at preſent, when all the World knows the *utmoſt Extent* of a Parliament's *poſſible* Duration, it ſeems diſagreeable to Reaſon, and an Encroachment upon the Right of *ſucceeding* Parliaments, (for the future) for any *one Parliament* to do that, which another cannot undo, or has not Power to do, in its Turn.

An old *Whig* is for chuſing ſuch Sort of *Repreſentatives* to ſerve in Parliament,

as have *Eſtates* in the Kingdom; and thoſe not fleeting ones, which may be ſent beyond Sea by Bills of Exchange, by every Packet Boat, but fixed and permanent. To which end, every Merchant, Banker, or other moneyed Man, who is ambitious of ſerving his Country as a *Senator*, ſhould have alſo a Competent viſible *Land Eſtate*, as a Pledge to his Electors that he intends to abide by them, and has the ſame Intereſt with theirs, in the pūblic Taxes, Gains and Loſſes. I have heard and weighed the Arguments of thoſe, who, in Oppoſition to this, urged the unfitneſs of ſuch, whoſe Lands were engaged in Debts and Mortgages, to ſerve in Parliament, in Compariſon with the *moneyed Man* who had no *Land*: but thoſe Arguments never convinced me.

No Man can be a ſincere Lover of Liberty, that is not for increaſing and communicating that Bleſſing to all People; and therefore the giving or reſtoring it not only to our Brethren of *Scotland* and *Ireland*, but even to *France* itſelf, (were it in our Power) is one of the principal Articles of *Whig-giſm*. The Eaſe and Advantage which would be gained, by *uniting* our own three Kingdoms, upon equal Terms, (for upon unequal it would be no *Union*) is ſo viſible, that if we had not the Example of thoſe Maſters of the World, the *Romans*, before our Eyes, one would wonder that our own Experience (in the Inſtance of uniting *Wales* to *England*) ſhould not convince us, that although both Sides would incredibly gain by it, yet the rich and opulent Country, to

which ſuch an Addition is made, would be the greater Gainer.

'Tis ſo much more deſirable and *ſecure*, to govern by *Love* and *common Intereſt*, than by *Force*; to expect *Comfort* and *Aſſiſtance* in Times of Danger, from our next Neighbours, than to find them at ſuch a Time a *heavy Clog* upon the Wheels of our Government, and be in Dread leſt they ſhould take that Occaſion to ſhake off an uneaſy Yoke; or to have as much need of entertaining a *ſtanding Army* againſt our *Brethren*, as againſt our known and inveterate *Enemies*; that certainly whoever can oppoſe ſo public and apparent a Good, muſt be eſteemed either *ignorant*, to a ſtrange Degree, or to have other Deſigns in View, which he would

would not willingly have brought to Light.

I look upon her Majeſty's aſſerting the Liberties and Privileges of the *free Cities* in *Germany*, to be an Action which will ſhine in Hiſtory, as bright (at leaſt) as her giving away her firſt Fruits and Tenths: to the Merit of which laſt, ſome have aſſumingly enough aſcribed all the Succeſſes ſhe has hitherto been bleſſed with; as if *one Set of Men* were the *peculiar* Care of Providence, and all others (even *Kings* and *Princes*) were no otherwiſe fit to be conſidered by *God Almighty*, or Poſterity, than according to their *Kindneſs* to them.

But

But it has been generally repreſented ſo, where Prieſts are the Hiſtorians. From the firſt Kings in the World, down to theſe Days, many Inſtances might be given, of very wicked Princes, who have been extravagantly commended; and many excellent ones, whoſe Memories lie overwhelmed with Loads of Curſes and Calumny, juſt as they proved Favourers or Diſcountenancers of *High Church*, without regard to their other Virtues or Vices: for, *High Church* is to be found in all Religions and Sects, from the Pagan down to the Preſbyterian; and is equally detrimental, in every one of them.

A genuine *Whig* is for promoting a *general Naturalization*, upon the firm

Belief,

Belief, that whoever comes to be incorporated into us, feels his Share of all our Advantages and Diſadvantages, and conſequently can have no Intereſt but that of the Public; to which he will always be a Support, to the beſt of his Power, by his *Perſon*, *Subſtance* and *Advice*. And if it be a Truth, (which few will make a Doubt of) that we are not one *third* Part *peopled*, (though we are better ſo, in proportion, than any other Part of *Europe*, *Holland* excepted) and that our Stock of Men decreaſes daily, through our Wars, Plantations, and Sea Voyages; that the ordinary Courſe of Propagation, even in Time of continued Peace and Health, could not in many Ages ſupply us with the Numbers we *want*; that the Security of civil and religious Liberty, and of Pro-

perty,

perty, which through *God*'s great Mercy is firmly eſtabliſhed among us, will invite new Comers, as faſt as we can entertain them; that moſt of the reſt of the World groans under the Weight of *Tyranny*, which will cauſe all that have Subſtance, and a Senſe of Honour and Liberty, to fly to Places of Shelter; which conſequently would thoroughly People us with uſeful and profitable Hands, in a few Years; what ſhould hinder us from paſſing an Act of *general Naturalization?* eſpecially when we conſider, that no *private* Acts of that Kind, are refuſed; but the Expence is ſo great, that few attempt to procure them, and the Benefit which the Publick receives thereby, is inconſiderable.

Expe-

Experience has ſhewn us the Folly and Falſity of thoſe plauſible Inſinuations, that ſuch a Naturalization would take the Bread out of *Engliſhmen's* Mouths. We are *convinced*, that the greater Number of Workmen of one Trade there is, in any Town, the more does that Town thrive; the greater will be the *Demand* of the Manufacture, and the *Vent* to foreign Parts, and the quicker *Circulation* of the *Coin*. The Conſumption of the *Produce*, both of *Land* and *Induſtry*, increaſes viſible, in Towns full of People; nay, the more ſhall every particular induſtrious Perſon thrive, in ſuch a Place; though, indeed *Drones* and *Idlers* will not find their Account, who would fain ſupport their own, and their Families ſuperfluous Expences, at their Neighbours

Coſt;

Coſt; who make one or two Days Labour provide for four Days Extravagances.

And this is the common Calamity, of moſt of our corporation Towns, whoſe Inhabitants do all they can to diſcourage Plenty, Induſtry and Population; and will not admit of Strangers, but upon too hard Terms, through the falſe Notion, that they themſelves, their Children and Apprentices, have the only right to ſquander their Town's Revenue, and to get, at their own Rates, all that is to be gotten within their Precincts, or in the Neighbourhood. And therefore, ſuch Towns (through the Miſchief ariſing by *Combinations* and *Bye-laws*) are, at beſt, at a *Stand*; very few in a thriving Condition, (and thoſe are where the *Bye-laws*

are

are leaſt *reſtrictive*) but *moſt* throughout *England* fall to viſible Decay, whilſt new Villages *not* incorporated, or more liberal of their Privileges, grow up in their ſtead; till in Proceſs of Time, the firſt Sort will become almoſt as deſolate as *old Sarum*, and will as well deſerve to loſe their Right of ſending Repreſentatives to Parliament. For certainly, a *Waſte* or a *Deſart* has no Right to be repreſented, nor by our original Conſtitution was ever intended to be. Yet I would by no Means have thoſe Deputies loſt to the Commons, but transferred to wiſer, more induſtrious, and better peopled Places, worthy (through their Numbers and Wealth) of being repreſented.

A *Whig* is againſt the raiſing, or keeping up a *ſtanding Army*, in Time of Peace: but, with this Diſtinction, that if, at any Time, an *Army* (though even in Time of Peace) ſhould be neceſſary to the Support of this very Maxim, a *Whig* is not for being too haſty to deſtroy that, which is to be the Defender of his Liberty. *I deſire to be well underſtood*—ſuppoſe then, that Perſons, whoſe known Principle and Practice it has been (during Attempts for arbitrary Government) to plead for, and promote ſuch an Army in Time of Peace, as would be ſubſervient to the Will of a Tyrant, and contribute towards the enſlaving the Nation, ſhould, under a *legal Government*, (yet before the *Ferment* of the People was appeaſed)

appeaſed) cry down a *ſtanding Army* in Time of Peace: I ſhould ſhrewdly ſuſpect that the Principles of ſuch Perſons, are not changed, but that either they like not the *Hands* that *Army* is in, or the *Cauſe* which it eſpouſes; and look upon it as an Obſtruction to *another* Sort of Army, which they ſhould like, *even in Time of Peace.* I ſay then, that although the Maxim, in general, be certainly *true*, yet a *Whig* (without the juſt Imputation of having deſerted his *Principles*) may be for the *keeping up* ſuch a ſtanding Army, even in Time of Peace, till the Nation has recovered its Wits again, and chuſes Repreſentatives who are againſt *Tyranny*, in any Hands whatſoever; till the Enemies of our Liberties want the Power of raiſing *another* Army of *quite different*

Sentiments: for, till that Time, a *whiggiſh* Army is the *Guardian of our Liberties*, and ſecures to us the Power of *diſbanding itſelf*, and prevents the raiſing another, of a *different Complexion*.

As ſoon as this is done, effectually; by my Conſent, no ſuch Thing as a mercenary Soldier ſhould ſubſiſt in *England*; and therefore,

The *arming* and *training* of all the Freeholders of *England*, as is our undoubted antient Conſtitution, and conſequently our Right; ſo it is the Opinion of moſt *Whigs*, that it ought to be put in Practice. This would put us out of all Fear of Foreign Invaſions, or diſappoint all ſuch, when attempted: this would

would ſoon take away the Neceſſity of maintaining *ſtanding* Armies of *Mercenaries*, in Time of Peace: this would render us an hundred Times more formidable to our Neighbours than we are; and ſecure effectually our Liberties, againſt any *King* that ſhould have a Mind to invade them, at Home; which perhaps was the Reaſon why ſome of our late *Kings* were ſo averſe to it; and whereas, as the Caſe now ſtands, ten thouſand diſciplin'd Soldiers (once landed) might march without *conſiderable* Oppoſition, from one End of *England*, to the other, were our *Militia* well regulated, and *Fire-arms* ſubſtituted in the Place of *Bills*, *Bows*, and *Arrows*, (the Weapons in uſe when our *training Laws* were in Vigour, and for which our Laws are yet in Force)

we need not fear an hundred thouſand Enemies, were it poſſible to land ſo many among us.

At every Mile's End, at every River and Paſs, the Enemy would meet with freſh Armies, conſiſting of Men as well ſkilled in Military Diſcipline, as themſelves; and more reſolved to fight, becauſe they do it for Property; and the farther ſuch an Enemy advanced into the Country, the ſtronger and more reſolved he would find us; as *Hannibal* did the *Romans*, when he encamped under the Walls of *Rome*, even after ſuch a Defeat as that of *Cannæ*. And why? Becauſe they were all *trained* Soldiers, they were all *Freemen* that fought, *pro Aris et Focis*; and ſcorned to truſt the Preſervation of

their Lives and Fortunes, to *Mercenaries*, or *Slaves*, though never ſo able bodied: they thought Weapons became not the Hands of them that had nothing to loſe, and upon that Account were unfit Defenders of their Maſters Properties; ſo that they never tryed the Experiment, but in the *utmoſt Extremity*.

That this is not only practicable, but eaſy, the modern Examples of the *Swiſſers* and *Swedes*, is an undeniable Indication. *Engliſhmen* have as much *Courage*, as great *Strength* of *Body*, and *Capacity* of *Mind*, as any People in the Univerſe: and if our late *Monarchs* had the *enervating* their free Subjects in view, that they might give a Reputation to *Mercenaries*, who

depended only on the Prince for their Pay, (as 'tis plain they had) I know no Reaſon why their Example ſhould be followed, in the Days of *Liberty*, when there is no ſuch Proſpect. The Preſervation of the *Game*, is but a very ſlender Pretence, for omitting it. I hope no wiſe Man will put a *Hare* or a *Partridge* in the Balance with the *Safety* and *Liberties* of *Engliſhmen*; though, after all, 'tis well known to Sportſmen, that Dogs, Snares, Nets, and ſuch ſilent Methods as are daily put in Practice, deſtroy the Game, ten times more than ſhooting with Guns.

If the reſtoring us to our old Conſtitution, in this Inſtance, were ever neceſſary, 'tis more eminently ſo, at this Time, when our next Neighbours of *Scotland*, are

are by Law armed juſt in the Manner we deſire to be, and the *Union* between both Kingdoms not perfected. For the Militia, upon the Foot it now ſtands, will be of little Uſe to us: 'tis generally compoſed of Servants, and thoſe not always the ſame, conſequently not well trained; rather ſuch as *wink* with both Eyes at their own firing a Muſket, and ſcarce know how to keep it clean, or to charge it aright. It conſiſts of People whoſe Reputation (eſpecially the *Officers*) has been induſtriouſly diminiſhed, and their Perſons, as well as their Employment, rendered contemptible, on purpoſe to enhance the Value of thoſe that ſerve for Pay; inſomuch that few Gentlemen of Quality will, now a-days, debaſe them-

ſelves ſo much, as to accept of a Company, or a Regiment, in the *Militia*. But for all this, I can never be perſuaded that a *red Coat* and *three Pence* a Day, infuſes more Courage into the poor *ſwaggering Idler*, than the having a Wife and Children, and an Eſtate, to fight for, with good wholſome Fare in his Kitchen, would into a *free-born* Subject; provided the *Freeman* were as well trained as the *Mercenary*.

I would not have the Officers and Soldiers of our moſt brave and honeſt *Army*, to miſtake me. I am not arguing againſt them; for I am convinced, as long as there is Work to do abroad, 'tis they (and not our home-dwelling *Freeholders*) are moſt proper for it. Our

War

War muſt now be an *offenſive* one; and what I am pleading for, concerns only the bare *defenſive* Part. Moſt of our preſent Generals and Officers are filled with the true Spirit of *Liberty*, (a moſt rare Thing!) which demonſtrates the Felicity of her Majeſty's Reign, and her ſtanding upon a true Bottom, beyond any other Inſtance that can be given; inſomuch, that conſidering how great and happy we have been, under the Government of Queens, I have, ſometimes doubted, whether an *Anti-ſalic Law* would be to our Diſadvantage.

Moſt of theſe *Officers* do expect, nay (ſo true do I take them to be to their Country's Intereſt) do wiſh, whenever it

ſhall pleaſe *God* to ſend us a Peace as may be relied on, both at home and abroad, to return to the State of *peaceable Citizens*, again; but 'tis fit they ſhould do ſo, with ſuch ample Rewards for their Blood and Labours, as ſhall entirely ſatisfy them. And when they, or the Survivors of them, ſhall return, full of Honour and Scars, home to their Relations, after the Fatigues of ſo glorious a Service to their Country are ended, 'tis their Country's Duty to make them eaſy, without laying a Neceſſity upon them of ſtriving for the Continuance of an *Army*, to avoid *ſtarving*.

The Romans uſed to content them, by a Diſtribution of their Enemies Lands; and I think their Example ſo good, in every Thing, that we could hardly poſe

poſe a better. *Oliver Cromwell* did the like, in *Ireland*, to which we owe that Kingdom's being a *proteſtant* Kingdom, at this Day, and in continuing ſubject to the Crown of *England*; but if it be too late to think of this Method, now, ſome other muſt be found out, by the Wiſdom of *Parliament*, which ſhall fully anſwer the End.

Theſe Officers and Soldiers, thus ſettled and reduced to a *civil State*, would, in a great Meaſure, compoſe that invincible *Militia*, I am now forecaſting; and by reaſon of their Skill in Military Affairs, would deſerve the principal Poſts and Commands in their reſpective Counties: with this advantageous Change of their

Condition, that whereas formerly they fought for their Country, only as *Soldiers* of *Fortune*, now they ſhould defend it, as wiſe and valiant *Citizens*, as *Proprietors* of the Eſtates they fight for; and this will gain them the entire Truſt and Confidence of all the good People of England, *who whenever they come to know their own Minds, do heartily hate Slavery.*

The Manner and Times of aſſembling, with ſeveral other neceſſary Regulations, are only proper for the *Legiſlative* to fix and determine.

A right *Whig* lays no Streſs upon the *Illegitimacy* of the *pretended Prince* of *Wales*; he goes upon another Principle than they, who carry the *Right of Succeſſion* ſo far, as (upon that Score) to un-

do all Mankind. He thinks no Prince fit to govern, whoſe Principle it muſt be to *ruin* the Conſtitution, as ſoon as he can acquire unjuſt Power ſo to do. He judges it Nonſenſe for one to be the *Head of a Church (or Defender of a Faith,)* who thinks himſelf bound in Duty to overthrow it. He never endeavours to juſtify his taking the Oaths to this Government, or to quiet his Conſcience, by ſuppoſing the young *Gentleman* at St. *Germains*, unlawfully begotten; ſince 'tis certain, that, according to our Law, he cannot be looked upon as ſuch. He cannot ſatisfy himſelf with any of the fooliſh Diſtinctions trumped up, of late Years, to reconcile baſe Intereſt with a Show of Religion; but deals upon the Square, and plainly owns to the World,

that

that he is not influenced by any particular Spleen: But that the Exerciſe of an *arbitrary*, *illegal Power*, in the Nation, ſo as to undermine the Conſtitution, would incapacitate either King *James*, King *William*, or any other, from being his King, whenever the *Public* has a Power to hinder it.

As a neceſſary Conſequence of this Opinion, a *Whig* muſt be againſt *puniſhing the Iniquity of the Fathers upon the Children*, as we do (not only to the *third* and *fourth Generation*, but) *for ever*; ſince our gracious God has declared, that he will no more purſue ſuch ſevere Methods, in *his* Juſtice, but that *the Soul that ſinneth, ſhall die.* It is very unreaſonable, that frail Man, who has ſo often

Need

Need of Mercy himſelf, ſhould pretend to exerciſe higher Severities upon his *Fellow-creatures*, than that Fountain of Juſtice does on his moſt wicked *revolting Slaves*.

To corrupt the Blood of a whole *Family*, and ſend all the Offspring a begging, after the Father's Head is taken off, ſeems a ſtrange Piece of Severity, fit to be redreſſed in Parliament; eſpecially when we come to conſider for what Crime this has been commonly done. When Subjects take Arms againſt their *Prince*, if their Attempt ſucceeds, 'tis a *Revolution*; if not, 'tis called a *Rebellion*: It is ſeldom conſidered, whether the firſt Motives be juſt, or unjuſt. Now is it not enough, in ſuch Caſes, for the prevailing

prevailing Party to hang or behead the *Offenders*, if they can catch them, without extending the Puniſhment to *innocent Perſons*, for *all Generations to come?*

The Senſe of this, made the late *Bill of Treaſons*, (though it reached not ſo far as many would have had it) a Favourite of the *Old Whigs*; they thought it a very deſirable one, whenever it could be compaſſed; and, perhaps, if not at that very Juncture, would not have been obtained at all: 'Twas neceſſary for two different Sorts of People to unite in this, in order for a Majority whoſe Weight ſhould be ſufficient to enforce it. And I think ſome *Whigs* were very unjuſtly reproached by their *Brethren*, as if by voting for this Bill, they wilfully expoſed the late King's

Perſon

Perſon to the wicked Deſigns of his Enemies.

Laſtly, the ſupporting of parliamentary Credit, promoting of all *public Buildings* and High-ways, the making all *Rivers navigable*, that are capable of it, employing the *Poor*, ſuppreſſing *Idlers*, reſtraining *Monopolies* upon Trade, maintaining *the Liberty of the Preſs*, the *juſt paying* and *encouraging* of all in the public Service, eſpecially that beſt and uſefulleſt Sort of People, the *Seamen*: Theſe joined to a firm Opinion, that we ought not to hearken to any *Terms of Peace* with the *French King*, till it be quite out of his Power to hurt us, but rather to die in Defence of our *own* and the *Liberties* of *Europe*) are all of them Articles of my

whiggiſh

whiggiſh Belief; and I hope none of them are *heterodox*.

And if all theſe together amount to a *Commonwealthſman*, I ſhall never be aſhamed of the Name, tho' given with a Deſign of fixing a Reproach upon me, and ſuch as think as I do.

Many People complain of the Poverty of the Nation, and the Weight of the Taxes. Some do this without any ill Deſign; but others hope thereby, to become *popular*; and at the ſame Time to *enforce a Peace* with *France*, before that Kingdom be reduced to too low a Pitch; fearing leſt that *King* ſhould be *diſabled* to accompliſh their Scheme of bringing in the *Pretender*, and aſſiſting him.

Now

Now altho' tis acknowledged, that the Taxes lye very heavy, and *Money* grows ſcarce; yet let the *Importance* of our *War* be conſidered, together with the *Obſtinacy*, Perfidy, and *Strength* of our Enemy; can we poſſibly carry on ſuch a *diffuſive* War, without *Money* in Proportion? Are the *Queen*'s Subjects more burdened, to maintain the public *Liberty*, than the *French* King's are, to confirm their own *Slavery?* Not ſo much, by three Parts in four, God be praiſed: Beſides, no true *Engliſhman* will grudge to pay Taxes, whilſt he has a Penny in his Purſe, as long as he ſees the public Money *well laid out for the great Ends for which it is given.*

And

And to the Honour of the Queen and her Miniſters, it may be juſtly ſaid, that ſince *England* was a Nation, never was the public Money more frugally managed, or more fitly applied. This is a farther Mortification to thoſe *Gentlemen*, who have *Deſigns* in View which they dare not own: For whatever may be the *plauſible* and *ſpecious* Reaſons they give, in public, when they exclaim againſt the Miniſtry; the hidden and true one is, that through the preſent prudent Adminiſtration, their ſo hopefully-laid Project is in Danger of being quite blown up; and they begin to deſpair that they ſhall bring in King *James* the Third, by the Means of Queen *Anne*, *as I verily believe they once had the Vanity to imagine.*

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIX.

I HAVE been at home, theſe ſeveral Days, and the Silence and Quietneſs of my preſent Enjoyments, are Heart-felt. I have ſpent moſt of my Time in playing on my Organ, which has been fixed up while I was away, and ſounds ſweeter, methinks, here, than it did when I tried it in *London*. A clear Air is an Advantage to *Pipes*, as well as *Lungs*, perhaps.

Solitude has its *Pleaſures*, but wants its *Satisfactions*. Providence has formed all its Animals for Society; for this Affection

is

is not peculiar to Man, as the old Adage ſuppoſes, which ſays that *none but a Brute can live alone.** The Horſe will neigh, the Oxen low, and the Sheep bleat, if ſeparated from their Herds. Lock up a Dog, and he will howl; but leave another with him, and they will play together, till they both fall aſleep. The Similie of *a Horſe in a Pound*, would loſe its Juſtneſs, if applied to *two*—

"Nature averſe rejects divided Joys;"

And Pleaſures which center in *Self*, muſt be very few and confined—They can only be multiplied and extended, by tranſporting us, as it were, beyond our-

* The Author has left out Part of this Sentence, from a ſingular, but commendable Delicacy, which my Friend informs me was his diſtinguiſhing Characteriſtic.

ſelves,

ſelves, to foreign Objects, and enlarging the Circle of ſocial Affections. Our higheſt and moſt exquiſite Joys ariſe from Love and Friendſhip; and what are theſe but the preferring others to ourſelves, and dedicating our Lives and Intereſts, to theirs?

My Stomach has been diſturbed, by the Exerciſe of my Journey; the rocking of the Waves had but only given it a *Lullaby*, and it is now become as *techy*, again, as a Child wakened out of its Sleep—'Tis in a bad Neighbourhood—my Heart will not ſuffer it to reſt!

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XC.

I HAVE been rendered very unhappy ſince I came home.—The poor old Curate of the Pariſh I live in, died, a few Days ago. I could well enough have ſpared him, ſo that 'tis not upon this Account I grieve; but for a Widow and four Children, all Daughters too, to make the Diſtreſs the greater.

He died, *Anno triginta duo*, of his Curacy, and ſerved his Time to eleven Rectors in Succeſſion; who moſt of them holding *Pluralities*, ſeldom reſided here, but left the whole Benefit of preaching, praying, and *faſting* too, to my poor,

very

very poor, Neighbour—The Lord have Mercy on the Soul of his Biſhop!

I ſhall give the Family whatever Aſſiſtance may be in my Power; but that is ſo very little, that it cannot much avail them—I am ſorry for it; but muſt comfort myſelf with this Hope, that Benevolence, reſting in the Will alone, where the Acts are not within our Power, is interpreted in us, as compleat Virtue, by the Chriſtian Doctrine; for, if to look after a Woman, with Deſire, be *already to commit Adultery*, why ſhould not a Wiſh to do Good, be already to perform it, alſo?

What adds to the Diſtreſs, becauſe it increaſes the Danger, is, that two of the

Girls are really handſome. Stretch forth your Hand, and

Adieu.

LETTER XCI.

I RECEIVED your Letter, and thank you for the Contents of it, which I have communicated to the poor Family; but without humouring your Nicety, upon the Occaſion. I told them the Truth; not indeed to purchaſe Praiſe or Prayer for you, but not to receive more of them, myſelf, than I am intitled to; as alſo to afford the Perſons in Diſtreſs the Comfort of thinking, that there are more Perſons of Charity, in the World, than one.

You

You may poſſibly recollect ſomewhat of this Method of reaſoning, as it is, in Subſtance, at leaſt, pretty much the ſame, with what you uſed to me, on a former ſimilar Occaſion. * I confeſs it appears ſtronger to me now, than it did then; but this muſt be owing only to our being more nice, generally, in our own Caſe, than we are in that of others.

This Subject affects me too much; but if my Tears were Pearls, I'd gladly weep an Alms-houſe full of them.

Adieu.

* In Anſwer to Letter LVIII; referring to the laſt Paragraph but one of it.

LETTER XCII.

MY Diſorder has returned to its old Haunts again. It ſeems only to have reſted, a while, to renew its Strength —Perhaps the roaring of the Sea might have kept it in Awe, while I was at *Scarborough*, and it may have plucked up a *Coward*'s *Spirit*, which is always deſperate, on my Return to the Stillneſs of this Champaign Country.

How I amuſe myſelf! And why not? Though there are *Fools*, who would laugh me to ſcorn for it. But I am not writing to *the World*, and you have always encouraged

couraged me in ſuch a *Laborum dulce lenimen*. So I ſhall proceed, without either *Fear or Wit*.

Not only antient Hiſtory, but the old Books of Phyſic, report ſuprizing Cures performed, by the Power of Muſic, on the Body, as well as the Mind. This Reeipe is ſtiled, in the Memoirs of Literature, *Decantare Loca dolentia*. The Word *Loca*, here, ſeems to denote the Application to have been *topical*; which I ſhould imagine to be impoſſible, unleſs the Pain happened to be in *the Ears*.

I have tried it, without Effect, in my own Caſe, by playing whole Hours on the Organ, in unabating Agony. But in this I only reſemble the Swan, whoſe

Moans are Muſic, but whoſe Melody cannot preſerve its Life.

Were my Diſorder of the nervous Kind, perhaps the ſymphonic Simpathy of *a String* Inſtrument, might be able to perform this miraculous Piece of Quackery; but *a Wind one* may poſſibly rather foment the Pains of a *Cholic*.

I beg the Favour of you to ſend me down ſome new Muſic; I am tired of what I have—I am almoſt grown out of Conceit with Conſtancy, as I ſuſpect it to be no longer *a Virtue*, becauſe it is not attended with *its own Reward*—

But

But I have promiſed never to renew a certain Subject between us, again; ſo

Adieu.

LETTER XCIII.

I HAVE an unpleaſant Piece of News to communicate to you; I would not therefore afflict you with it, but that I conſider Friends to reſemble the Figure of *Janus*, which tho' it had *two Faces*, had but *one Pair of Ears*.

The younger *Aſton* and his Wife are going to ſeparate. He has fairly given her the Probation of *a Year and a Day*, but

finds ſhe is not yet willing to conform to the *Vow* ſhe has already taken.*

Wedlock is a Contract for *Life*, they ſay; yet ſurely ſuch an Inſtance, as the preſent, does not infringe the Spirit of it: For whenever a Wife renders a Huſband weary of *his*, the Obligation ſhould be diſſolved, of Courſe.

Juno is ſtiled the Goddeſs of *Marriage*; which Piece of Mythology, I fear, is but too true; as there ſeems to be an unlucky Moral, implied in the Fable, by there being ſo few happy ones. The firſt Match ſhe is recorded, by the Poets,

* See Letter LXXI. firſt Part, and Letter LXXXII.

Poets, to have made, was the one for *Æolus*, the God of *Storms* and *Tempeſts*,*

There is ſomething ſingular in this Caſe —perhaps not—but the firſt Thing that made her take Notice of him, as he was much below her Pretenſions, in Point of Fortune, was the *Eclat* of his Amour.† This Circumſtance has happened to poſſeſs her Mind with a Jealouſy, *too late*; and whenever he has been abſent from her, for a Day, an Hour, ſhe ſurmiſes, and *remonſtrates*; which is, at beſt, but a civilized Term for *ſcolding*.

The very laſt Thing a Wife does, is, *to ſuſpect herſelf*. Conſcious of her own

* *Virg.* Æn. 1. V. 77.
† See Letter LXVI. Par. 2.

Affection and Integrity, ſhe is apt to over-rate her Love and Duty; and is not enough aware, that without good Temper, good Breeding, and Prudence, the very Manners, which even thoſe charming Principles are capable of inſpiring, may firſt create Offence, and afterwards confirm Diſguſt.

Women often imagine that Men are drawn out, by Attractions from abroad; when it may be the Uneaſineſſes they meet with, at home, which drive them from thence. Man is, by Nature, a domeſtic Animal; and the Huſband muſt be a ſad Profligate, or the Wife a very Termagant, indeed, if his own Fire-ſide is not the Scene of his Choice and Happineſs.

Terence

Terence ſays that Jealouſies, Strifes, Quarrels, and Reconcilements, are natural to Lovers, and ſtrengthen their Affections; but he muſt be an unexperienced Philoſopher, truly, who would recommend them, in a married Life.

Women behave to Men, as they do to one another; without ever conſidering that they are of different Natures. Squabbles, Piques, and Altercations, may be a neceſſary Cement, for Goſſips; who, like the Knights in Romances, are always up in Arms againſt each other, 'till they have tried one anothers Mettle; and then become Friends, for Life. But Wedlock is a State of Peace, not of War; of Love, and not of Fear.

You may perceive even from theſe few Reflections, that I have conſidered this Subject, maturely, and *prematurely*, alſo, I fear! But all I expect from it, is, to have the old Proverb flung at my Head, of *Bachelor's Wives*, &c.—So ſpare me, and

Adieu.

LETTER XCIV.

THE unhappy Circumſtance I mentioned to you, in my laſt Letter, was taken from the public Report of the Country, only; but it was too well confirmed to me, ſince, by Mr. *Aſton*, himſelf; who was with me, Yeſterday. He came to deſire me to be one of the Truſtees,

ſtees, in the Deed of Separation, which I could not refuſe him. 'Tis a Tax upon idle Men, that having no Buſineſs of their own, they ſhould be employed in that of others.

I endeavoured to mediate a Reconciliation between the Parties, but found it impoſſible. He aſſured me that he would have parted from her, before they had been three Months married, on Account of her Haughtineſs and ill Temper, but from the Conſideration of her being with Child; and therefore reſtrained his Reſentment, till that intereſting Event was over.

He has a Girl by her, of about three Months old; and he affected me greatly,

by

by his weeping on the mention of her—He ſaid had it been a Boy, it would have given him much leſs Concern; as ſuch a Criſis as this, might be a Matter of little Conſequence to him, either in Youth, or Manhood; but that it was a nice and tender Affair for a Girl, to be reared up and introduced into the World, by a Mother under ſuch unhappy Circumſtances.

He then comforted himſelf with the old Superſtition of *Deſtiny*; ſaid it was his *Fate* to have got a Wife, with a Fortune beyond his Merits or Expectations, and it was his *Fate* alſo, to loſe them both again—for he is reſolved not to withold a Shilling of her Portion—But I told him that his Doctrine could be only the Faith of a *Pagan*, which ſuppoſed *Fate* to over-rule

over-rule the Gods; for that tho' Marriages might be made, in Heaven, they certainly were unmade, in Hell.

He wiped his Eyes, forced a Smile, took Leave, and departed; every one of which I do, myſelf, at preſent; ſo

Farewel.

LETTER XCV.

I THANK you extremely for your charming Letter, upon the Subjects of my laſt. I thank you doubly, as it may poſſibly be of ſervice to another. In the Midſt of the ſecond Page, I rang the Bell and ordered an Expreſs to be got

ready,

ready, to ſend it off incloſed to our poor Friend, *Aſton*.

It may have its Effect; 'tis ſtronger and places Things in a better Light, than any of the Arguments I was able to urge to him, myſelf, when he was here laſt; and he has ever marked a particular Deference towards your Perſon and Opinions, even before you had aſſumed the reſpectable Character you have lately taken upon you.

What you ſay, upon that Part of my Letter which mentions Mr. *Aſton*'s acquieſcence under the Decrees of *Fate*, is both ingenious and concluſive, upon a Subject which is of infinite Conſequence to Mankind. Such an Opinion muſt deſtroy

ſtroy all Prudence, Induſtry, Forecaſt, Morality, and Religon. Society could not ſubſiſt, under ſuch an Error.

Nothing can poſſibly be ſo abſurd, as the Denial of *Free-will*, to Man; except it may be exceeded, by a ſerious Attempt to prove a ſelf-evident Propoſition, which we have an innate Conſciouſneſs of, in our own Breaſts. Does it require an Argument, to demonſtrate our Exiſtence? Man, we may affirm to be more free than *God* himſelf. He may do wrong, as well as right—The Deity cannot.

I am impatient to hear Mr. *Aſton*'s Reſolves, upon your Letter, but hope he will not frame them ſuddenly; to prevent

which,

which, I ordered the Meſſenger to return the Moment he delivered the Letter, leſt he might think himſelf preſſed for an Anſwer; and as he is more intereſted in the Matter, the Arguments, perhaps, may not produce ſo ready an Aſſent from him, as they did from me.

Farewel.

LETTER XCVI.

WE have had the *Vanity of Vanities* performed in this Neighbourhood, Yeſterday—a moſt ſuperb Funeral. It was at the burying of Mr. L—, who though he lived poorly, all his Life, was reſolved, it ſeems, to go out of the World,

World, *in State*; for this ſhameful Article of Expence was intailed on his Executors, by his Will.

He has died extremely rich, they ſay, and has bequeathed the Sum of ten thouſand Pounds, to different charitable Foundations; though he was never known to have given an Alms, in his Life. He is reported not to have made his Fortune in the faireſt Way, as he had no obvious Means of doing it, but by *public Truſts, and private Confidences.*

This may account for the Prudence of not making any Diſplay of Affluence, during his Life; and his large Donations, at his Death, may, I fear, be conſidered

fidered but as *Compromiſes*, or *Commutations*. Theſe are wretched Salvos!

Men do with their Souls, as they do with their Bodies. They live in Luxury and Indolence, 'till they contract ſome dangerous Diſorder, and then apply themſelves to Medicine; ſo they continue in vicious Habits, all their Lives, and then bequeath Charities, to wipe off the Score.

But neither Health nor Heaven are to be purchaſed, like Land, by the Lump; and Abſtinence and Exerciſe are as requiſite to the ſecond Enjoyment, as to the Poſſeſſion of the firſt. 'Tis not the Charity, but the Diſpoſition which inclines to it, that is our Merit to Salvation;

and

and this is only to be obtained, by Habit and Practice.

The Rabbins ſeem to have a juſt Notion on this Subject; as one of their Maxims is, *that a thouſand Pounds given away, at once, has not half the Spirit of Charity in it, that there would be in proportioning it out in Alms of twenty Shillings, a Day.*

Who knows but I may go into Orders, myſelf, one of theſe Days? for I ſeem to be practiſing Sermons, now and then, in my Correſpondence with you; in the mean Time you are welcome to my Notes, as I am yours, truly, in every Thing.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XCVII.

MR. *Aſton* was with me, this Morning, and deſires me to make his ſincere Acknowledgements to you, for the friendly and chriſtian Part you have taken, in his difficult Affair. He is much obliged to you for the Letter, as it has afforded him the further Opportunity of acquitting himſelf to his own Honour, and of vindicating his Conduct to the reſt of the World; tho' it has unhappily produced no other good Conſequence.

He profited of your Advice, with Regard to his Behaviour towards his Wife; and even proceeded ſo far, as to lay your

Letter

Letter before her, in order to ſhew her the Opinion of a virtuous and impartial Perſon, upon this Subject.

But this had no other Effect, than to raiſe her Reſentment, even to Intemperance—She will not acknowledge herſelf to be in the leaſt Manner of Fault; but lays the whole Blame of their preſent Situation, to the Account of his want of *Love and Reſpect* for her.

In ſhort, 'tis certain that ſhe loves her Huſband, and is not a Libertine; but Pride added to Paſſion is too ſtrong for either her Affection or Virtue—'Tis a very melancholy Caſe, and the Deeds of Separation are preparing. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XCVIII.

THE Articles of Intelligence you ſent me, laſt Poſt, have given me great Offence—Can there be ſuch Villains, in the World? Yes, there are—one hears ſo many Stories of the Kind, every Day, that it might appear to be an Affectation of Innocence, to pretend to be ignorant of them—

But yet, I really feel myſelf ſurprized, whenever I am told of ſuch Inſtances—Some Coward ſays, in a Play, "Lord, now, if I don't wonder what makes Man ſo ſtout." And one may aſk, ſurely,

without

without boaſting of more than ordinary Virtue, what can make Men ſuch Knaves?

The only Solution of which Difficulty, muſt be given, by aſking another Queſtion. What occaſions ſome Wretches to be born Monſters? To which, I think, we may fairly anſwer, not the original Deſign of their Formation, but ſome accidental Warpings in their Conception, for which the Laws of Nature are not accountable. A Deformity of Mind may be as fortuitous, as one of the Body.

But a thouſand ſuch Stories of bad Men ſhall never tempt me to think ill of human Nature, in Honour of their Creator; beſides I would not receive ſuch an Impreſſion on my Mind, for the Poſ-

 ſeſſion

ſeſſion of all the World; becauſe it could then yield me no Enjoyment; for of what Avail would Empire, Power, or Riches, beyond the common Requiſites of Life, be to me, except to render Mankind happy? And what Heart ſhould I have to wiſh, or make them ſo, had I conceived an ill Opinion of them, in general?

This Subject is not pleaſant to either of us. So I ſhall put an End to it, by bidding you moſt heartily

Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER XCIX.

I AM juſt returned from Mr. *Aſton's*, where I was ſummoned, Yeſterday, to attend the ſigning and ſealing of the Deed of Separation. It was a moſt irkſome Office. I think I ſhould have carried myſelf through, with more Spirit, had I been Second in a Duel. The Lady did not appear; the Witneſſes carried the Writings up to her Apartment, and ſhe perfected them there.

Mr. *Aſton*'s Hand ſhook, when he took up the Pen, and he dropped Tears on the Paper. I did not enquire, or hear, how ſhe behaved on the Occaſion—As ſoon as

the Attorney retired, Mr. *Aſton* went up to take Leave of her; and ſhe ſet out, directly, for *London*.

I ſtaid with him, till this Morning, and ſpent the Hours but dully—but I had ſome Amends made me, on my Return, by receiving your Letter, dated from ———— I wiſh you Joy of your having taken Poſſeſſion of your Rectory; and am alſo charmed with the Deſcription you give of your Parſonage-houſe, Glebe, and other Circumſtances of Situation. 'Tis exactly the *hoc erat in Votis*, of *Horac*; it ſeems to be almoſt a literal Tranſlation of that Paſſage. * And I dare ſay

* Hoc erat in Votis; modus Agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum Silvæ ſuper his foret ————
Sat. VI. Lib. II.

that

that you could repeat the reſt of the Lines, both with a ſafe, and ſatisfied Conſcience.

I accept your Invitation, moſt readily, and ſhall partake of your Hoſpitality, as ſoon as I can, after I have received a Viſit from Mr. *Pearſon*, my *Scarborough* Acquaintance and Fellow-traveller; whom I aſked to ſpend a few Days with me, when we were on the Road together, and expect every Hour.

Adieu—Adieu.

LETTER C.

MR. *Pearſon* has been with me, theſe three Days, and the widowed *Aſton* is here too; I ſent to him the Moment the former arrived—I thought Company would amuſe him; and it did ſo; for he has been ſeemingly chearful, ever ſince he came; but not in his former Stile of Spirits; there was Serioufneſs enough mixed with it, to prevent its riſing to Mirth.

I like this Manner in him; it has added an Eſteem to my former Affection for him. To be ſenſible of Misfortunes, is to bear them *like Men.* I pity thoſe who

who appear wholly conquered by them; but I deſpiſe thoſe who ſeem to have received no Impreſſion from them. They ſhould ever be conſidered as *Inflictions*, and ought therefore to be borne with *Humility*.

The firſt Moment he and I were alone together, he began to ſpeak of his Affair; but I put a Stop to the Subject, by intreating him never to mention it again, to any one; and that for this very proper Reaſon.

The canvaſſing a Matter of Offence, is apt to give us too unfair an Advantage, over the adverſe Party; for we are ſure to defend ourſelves, with *Warmth*, and to accuſe the other, with *Heat*. This

often leads us to think ourſelves *too much* in the Right, and the other *too much* in the wrong. In this Caſe our Paſſions, being under no Controul, perform the Part of Witneſs, Judge and Jury, and *bring in guilty*, of Courſe, againſt the Adverſary.

Frequent Diſquiſitions, (which are generally *Inquiſitions*,) of this Kind, are dangerous, and imprudent; for by running Piques into Reſentments, they naturally confirm Diſguſt, and render Enmity perpetual; which ought never to laſt, but till the *Offendee* becomes calm, and the *Offender* penitent—If one can diſtinguiſh which is which; a Matter often difficult.

Mr. *Pearſon* brought a Book in his Pocket, that is juſt publiſhed. 'Tis a Tranſlation

Tranſlation of *the Tales of Marmontel.* 'Tis but a ſad Affair—Upon peruſing it—I could not help recollecting Lord *Moleſworth*'s Tract, which I ſent you lately, as to a Paſſage in it which ſpeaks of ſuch Attempts. None, certainly, who are not capable of writing well, themſelves, can ever be able to make a good Tranſlation. Somebody ſays, "that to *copy a Picture*, 'tis neceſſary one ſhould know *how to paint*."

Mr. *Pearſon* goes home, To-morrow, and has engaged Mr. *Aſton* and me to return with him. 'Tis about twenty Miles on my Route to you; I ſhall therefore take the Advantage of it, and pay my Viſit from thence. I ſhall carry *Aſton* on with me to you; I aſked him, juſt now,

as I was ſitting down to write, and he has conſented.

Your's, moſt affectionately.

LETTER CI.

THIS Manſion of Mr. *Pearſon*'s is not a pleaſant one. It had been an old Monaſtery, lies low, and is choaked up with Trees. It would therefore be a diſmal Situation for thoſe who ſpend their Time *looking out of the Windows*; but for thoſe who would *look within*, there is a ſpacious Library, well ſtored, and where the *ſombre* Caſt of the Place rather aſſiſts Contemplation.

There

There are ſome dry Walks here about, and all the Grounds are good; as indeed the Abbey Lands generally are, every where. *Beggars were Chuſers*, in former Times; for Prieſts were both, then.

Our Landlord is an eaſy, rational, well informed Man, who has given himſelf up ſo much to Study, that it has impaired his Health. This, he told us, he did not do, till his Wife died, about ſeven Years ago. He ſaid he had never been remarkably fond of reading, before; but this ſevere Loſs inſpired him with a ſerious Turn of Mind; he found a widowed Life an uncomfortable State, and ſo became wedded to his Books, ever ſince.

He has a large Fortune, and only one Child; a fine Boy of about ten Years old, ſchooled at *Wincheſter*, but at home now, for a few Days. We have amuſed ourſelves with making a Match between him and Miſs *Aſton*, ſome fifteen Years hence. So, I think, begins ſome Novel, I have read, long ago.

Farewel.

LETTER CII.

MR. *Pearſon* has been curious in collecting and preſerving every little fugitive Piece he has met with, of any Merit, ever ſince he had addicted himſelf to Letters; and ſuch Perſons are of great Uſe often, in Society. Many Writings:

tings may thus be reſcued from Oblivion, which deſerve to be ſo; for what has pleaſed of old, may pleaſe anew, if not ſeen before; and a Piece is as but juſt written, to him by whom it is but juſt read.

I met with a Thing among his Collection, this Morning, which I had never ſeen before, nor do I believe it is any where elſe in Print, at preſent, and I got little *Pearſon* to copy it out for you.

It is Sir *William Petty*'s Advice, for the Advancement of Learning, which has great good Senſe in itſelf, and is worthy of being added as a Supplement to *Bacon*'s *Inſtauration of Sciences*.

If I find any other Tract here that may entertain you, I ſhall ſend or bring you a Copy of it—*Aſton* ſalutes you.

Adieu.

P. S. It is not ſaid to whom, nor upon what Occaſion, the incloſed Piece was written, nor why Sir *William* ſhould begin it with the plural Number of the Pronoun.

" *We* recommend the Inſtitution of an Office of *Common Addreſs*, whereby the Wants and Deſires of all may be made known unto all; where Men may know what is already done, in the Buſineſs of Learning; what is at preſent in doing, and what is intended to be done: To the End that by ſuch a general Communica-

tion

tion of Deſigns and mutual Aſſiſtance, the Wits and Endeavours of the World may no longer be as ſo many ſcattered Coals or Firebrands; which for Want of Union are ſoon quenched; whereas being but laid together, they would have yielded a comfortable Light and Heat. For, methinks the preſent Condition of Men is like a Field where a Battle hath been lately fought, where we may ſee many Legs and Arms lying here and there, which for Want of a Union and a Soul to quicken and enliven them, are good for nothing but to feed Ravens, and infect the Air; ſo we ſee many Wits and Ingenuities lying ſcattered up and down the World, whereof ſome are now labouring to do, what is already done, and puzzling themſelves to invent, what is already invented: Others

we ſee ſtuck quite faſt in Difficulties, for want of a few Directions which ſome other Man (might he be met withal) both could and would moſt eaſily give him. Again, one Man wants a ſmall Sum of Money to carry on ſome Deſign, that requires it; and there is perhaps another, who has twice as much ready to beſtow on the ſame Deſign: But theſe two having no Means to meet with each other, the good Work intended and deſired by both Parties, doth utterly periſh and come to nought.

" Having by this Means of the Office, procured Workmen, and whatever is neceſſary to the Work, then I adviſe to labour how to find out ſuch Arts, as are yet undiſcovered; how to learn what is al-

ready

ready known, by more compendious and eaſy Ways, and to apply it to more, and more noble Uſes; and how to work in Men a higher Eſteem for Learning, ſo as to give Occaſion, Encouragement, and Opportunity, to more Perſons to apply themſelves to its Advancement.

" The next Thing will be, firſt, to ſee what is well and ſufficiently done already, exploding whatſoever is nice, contentious, and merely phantaſtical. This Survey may be made, by peruſing all Books and taking Notice of all Mechanical Inventions. In this Peruſal all the real or experimental Learning may be ſifted and collected out of the ſaid Volumes. There muſt be appointed able Readers of all ſuch Works, with certain and well limited

Directions

Directions what to collect out of them. Every Book muſt be ſo read by two ſeveral Perſons apart, to prevent Miſtakes and Failings from the ſaid Directions. The Directions for Reading muſt be ſuch, as the Readers, obſerving them, may exactly agree in their Collections. Out of theſe Notes, one Book, or great Work may be made, though conſiſting of many Volumes. The moſt artificial Indexes, Tables, or other Helps, for the ready finding, remembering, and well underſtanding all Things contained in theſe Books, muſt be contrived and put in Practice.

" Having thus taken the Height or Pitch whereunto all Arts and Sciences whatſoever are already come, and obſerved

where

where they now ſtick, the ableſt Men (at leaſt two or three) in every reſpective Faculty, muſt be ſet apart to drive them on further.

" And now we ſhall think of whetting our Tools, and preparing ſharp Inſtruments for this hard Work, by delivering our Thoughts concerning Education; which are,

" That there be inſtituted *Literary* Workhouſes, where Children may be taught as well to do ſomething towards their living, as to read and write.

" That the Buſineſs of Education be not (as now) committed to the worſt and unworthieſt of Men, but that it be ſeriouſly

riouſly ſtudied and practiſed, by the beſt and abler Perſons.

" That all Children, above ſeven Years old, may be preſented to this Kind of Education, none being to be excluded by Reaſon of the Poverty and Inability of their Parents; for hereby it hath come to paſs, that many are now holding the Plough, which might have been made fit to ſteer the State.

" That ſince few Children have Need of reading, before they know, or can be acquainted with, the Things they have read of; or of writing before their Thoughts are worth the recording, or they are able to put them into Form, which we call inditing; our Opinion is,

that thoſe Things being above their Capacity, be deferred a while, and others more needful for them, ſuch as are in the Order of Nature before thoſe aforementioned, and are attainable by the Help of Memory, which is either moſt ſtrong or unpreoccupied in Children, be ſtudied before them; we wiſh therefore that the Educands be taught to obſerve and remember all ſenſible Objects and Actions, whether they be natural or artificial, which the Educators muſt upon all Occaſions expound unto them.

" That they uſe ſuch Exerciſes, both at Work and Recreations, as tend to the Health, Agility, and Strength of their Bodies.

" That

" That they be taught to read by much more compendious Means, than are in common Uſe.

" That they be taught to write ſwiftly, and in real Characters, and in due Proportion.

" That in no Caſe the Art of Drawing and Deſigning be omitted, to what Courſe of Life ſoever thoſe Children are to be applied; ſince the Uſe thereof, for expreſſing the Conceptions of the Mind, ſeems to be little inferior to that of writing, and in many Caſes performs what cannot be done by Words.

" That the Elements of Arithmetic and Geometry, be by all ſtudied, being

not

not only of great Uſe in all human Affairs, but alſo ſure Guides and Helps to Reaſon, and eſpecial Remedies for a volatile and unſteady Mind.

" That effectual Courſes be taken to try the Agilities of the Bodies and Minds of Children, the Strength of their Memory, Inclination of their Affections, either to Vice or Virtue, and to which of them in particular, and to alter what is bad in them, and to improve what is good, applying all, whether good or bad, to the leaſt Inconvenience, and moſt Advantage.

" That ſuch as have any natural Ability and Fitneſs to Muſic, be encouraged and inſtructed therein.

" That

" That all Children, though of the higheſt Rank, be taught ſome genteel Manufacture, in their Minority; ſuch as are turning of curious Figures.

" Making Mathematical Inſtruments, Dials, and how to uſe them in Aſtronomical Obſervations.

" Making Watches, and other trochilick Motions.

" Limning, and painting on Glaſs, or in Oil Colours.

" Graving, etching, carving, embоſſing, and molding in ſundry Matters.

" The

" The Lapidaries Art of knowing, cutting, and ſetting Jewels.

" Grinding of Glaſſes, dioptrical and catoptrical.

" Botanicks and Gardening.

" Making muſical Inſtruments.

" Navarchy, and making Models for Houſes.

" The Confectioners, Perfumers, or Dyers Arts.

" Chymiſtry, refining Metals, and counterfeiting Jewels.

" Anatomy, making Skeletons, and excarnating Bowels.

" Making Mariners Compaſſes, Globes, and other magnetic Devices.

" And all for theſe Reaſons.

" They ſhall be leſs ſubject to be impoſed on by Artificers.

" They will become more induſtrious, in general.

" They will certainly bring to paſs moſt excellent Works, being, as Gentlemen, ambitious to excel ordinary Workmen.

" They

"They being able to make Experiments themſelves, may do it with leſs Charge and more Care, than others will do it for them.

"It may engage them to be *Mæcenaſes* and Patrons of Arts.

"It will keep them from worſe Occaſions of ſpending their Time and Eſtates.

"As it will be a great Ornament in Proſperity, ſo it will be a great Refuge and Stay in Adverſity, and common Calamity."

LETTER CIII.

I SEND you two other extraordinary Papers, that Mr. *Pearſon* has given me Permiſſion to get copied out for you, by my young Amanuenſis, which I think will greatly entertain you.

The firſt is the Character and Deſcription of Monſieur *Voltaire*, ſent to *England*, many Years ago, by a Member of the Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences, at *Berlin*, and imputed to the preſent King of *Pruſſia*.

The

The ſecond was written, in Conſequence of the firſt, by an anonymous Perſon, and is the Character of his Majeſty, in a Letter addreſſed to himſelf; but which was never publiſhed.

Both theſe Writings are ſo well able to ſpeak for themſelves, that I need not take the Trouble of making any Comment on them, but ſhall bid you good Night; as 'tis late, and I am ſleepy.

Adieu.

NUMBER I.

M. *de Voltaire* is below the Stature of tall Men, or, in other Words, a little above thoſe of a middling Size; he is extremely thin, and of an aduſt Temperament, hot and atrabilious; his Vi-

ſage is meagre, his Aſpect ardent and penetrating, and there is a malignant Quickneſs in his Eye: The ſame Fire that animates his Works, appears in his Actions, which are lively, even to Abſurdity: He is a Kind of Meteor, perpetually coming and going with a quick Motion and a ſparkling Light, that dazzles our Eyes.

A Man thus conſtituted, cannot avoid being a *Valetudinarian*; the Blade eats away the Scabbard: Gay by Complexion, grave by Regimen; open without Frankneſs; politic without Refinement; ſociable without Friends: He knows the World, and he forgets it: In the Morning he is *Ariſtippus*, and *Diogenes* at Night. He loves Grandeur, and deſpiſes

ſes the great: With his Superiors, his Carriage is eaſy, but with his Equals, conſtrained: He is firſt polite, then cold, then diſguſting.

He loves the Court, yet grows weary of it: He has Senſibility, without Connections, and is voluptuous without Paſſion. He is attached to nothing by Choice, but to every Thing thro' Inconſtancy. As he reaſons without Principle, his Judgment has its Intervals, like the Folly of others. He has a clear Head, but a corrupt Heart. He thinks of every Thing, and treats every Thing with Deriſion.

He is a Libertine, without a Conſtitution for Pleaſure; and can moralize, with-

out Morality. His Vanity is exceſſive, but his Avarice ſtill greater; he therefore writes leſs for Fame, than Money, for which he may be ſaid, both to hunger and thirſt. He is in haſte to work, that he may haſte to live: He was made to enjoy, and determines only to hoard. Such is the Man, and ſuch is the Author.

There is no other Poet in the World whoſe Verſes coſt him ſo little Labour; but this Facility of Compoſition, hurts him, becauſe he abuſes it: As there is but little for Art to ſupply, he is content that little ſhould be wanting; therefore moſt of his Pieces are unfiniſhed. But, tho' he is an eaſy, ingenious and elegant Writer of Poetry, his principal Excellence would be Hiſtory, if he made fewer

Reflections, and drew no Parallels; in both of which, however, he has ſometimes been very happy. In his laſt Work, he has imitated the Manner of *Bayle*, of whom, even in his Cenſure of him, he has exhibited a Copy.

It has been long ſaid, that for an Hiſtorian to be without Prejudice, he muſt neither have Religion nor Country; and in this Reſpect, *M. Voltaire* has made great Advances toward Perfection. He cannot be accuſed of being a Partiſan, to his own Nation; he is rather like old Fellows, extolling the Times paſt, and abuſing the preſent. He is diſſatisfied with his own Country, and laviſh in his praiſe of thoſe that are a thouſand Leagues off: and as to Religion, he is in that alſo,

evidently undetermined; and would certainly, be the neutral and impartial Perſon ſo much deſired, but for a little Leven of *Anti-Janſeniſm*, which appears very plainly diſtinguiſhed in his Works.*

Voltaire has much foreign, and much French Literature; nor is he deficient in that Sort of mixed Erudition, that is now ſo much in Faſhion. He is a Politician, a Naturaliſt, a Geometrician, or whatever elſe he pleaſes; but he is always ſuperficial, becauſe he is not able to think deeply.

* The allowing him no Character in Religion, but from his Oppoſition to a particular Sect, is a fine Satirical Stroke. *Butler*, in his Remains, which was publiſhed long ſince this Writing, ſays the ſame, in other Words, in his Chapter of the Anabaptiſt. "He is rather a Renegado to one "Religion, than a Convert to another.

He

He could not, however, flouriſh as he does, upon theſe Subjects, without great Ingenuity.

His Taſte is rather delicate, than juſt; he is a witty Satyriſt, a bad Critic, and a Dabbler in the abſtracted Sciences; Imagination is his Element, and yet, ſtrange as it is, he has no Invention. He is reproached with continually paſſing from one Extreme to another; now a Philanthropiſt, then a Cynic; now an exceſſive Encomiaſt, than an outrageous Satyriſt.

In a Word, *Voltaire* would fain be an extraordinary Man; and an extraordi-Man he moſt certainly is!

NUMBER II.

SIRE, *Jan.* 1, 1757.

I met lately with a Paper, intitled The Deſcription and Character of *M. Voltaire*, by a great Prince, which I hear has been univerſally attributed to your Majeſty. I never read any Thing, in any Language, which contained more true Wit, or finer Satire. Every Sentence is ſeaſoned with Attic Salt, is compleat in itſelf, and, like the Diviſions of Matter, comprehends all the Properties of Wit, in Miniature. It has remarkable Strength, yet is diffuſe at the ſame Time; for your Majeſty's Genius, like the Spring of the Air, gains Elaſticity, by Expanſion.

Th

The antient Poets and Hiſtorians have left us ſeveral ſtrong marked Characters; the beſt of which fall extremely ſhort of this of *Voltaire*. *Horace*'s *Tigellius* has but a ſlight Sketch of it; and the higheſt Characteriſtic in *Salluſt*'s *Cataline*, *alieni appetens, ſui profuſus*, does not come up to this Paſſage, "Attached to nothing, by Choice, but to every Thing, through Inconſtancy;" with many others.

Your Majeſty's own Character is certainly the greateſt, of any in *Europe*, either of this Age, or the laſt; as it comprehends the King, the Soldier, and the Scholar. A ſuperficial Hiſtorian would be tempted here, to draw a Parallel between your Majeſty, and *Lewis* the Fourteenth; becauſe he was alſo, a Monarch,

a war-

a warlike Prince; and a Patron of Arts and Sciences. A King he was, indeed; he had a noble, generous, and a magnificent Soul! So far the Compariſon holds, with equal Advantage to you both: But his Generals only fought, you are the General yourſelf; his Love of Letters, like his Faith, was implicit, yours, like your Religion, founded on Knowledge.

The Parellel with *Cæſar* would anſwer in every Particular, except that he fought to enſlave his Country; you to keep yours free: that he to a ſingle Province reduced the vaſt Roman Empire; while you have raiſed a ſingle Province to be the Arbiter of *Europe*. His *Veni, Vidi, Vici* has an affected Quaintneſs in it, that diſguſts; *Veni, Vici*, would have been better, even

in

in the laconic Stile he aimed at: but *Cæſar* left this for your Motto; *Vidi*, alludes to his having reconnoitred the Enemy; which was one Proceſs more than your Majeſty waited for, in your late Expedition,* who engaged without regard to Numbers—For the Die was caſt.

Your Majeſty's perſonal Bravery, with the Quickneſs of your Reſolves, and the Briſkneſs of your Execution, tempt me to a Compariſon with the gallant Swede, for the military Part of your Character: but here, as in the former Inſtances, how high does your Majeſty riſe above the Parallel! You are, indeed, *Charles* the Twelfth; but you are *Charles* the Twelfth,

* The firſt Action againſt the Saxons.

in his Senſes. *Charles* fought for *Fame*; you for *Glory*: he for other Countries; you for your own: he for himſelf; you for your People: his Heroiſm was according to antient Precedent; yours creates a Precedent for future Times: *Charles* was an Heathen Heroe; you are a Chriſtian one; and under this Character, I hope ſoon to ſee you at the Head of a Proteſtant League, in *Germany*; a ſecond *Godfrey* of *Buloigne*, and Champion for the civil and religious Liberties of all Europe.

So far have I attempted your Majeſty's Character, from public Fame, as an Hiſtorian; and I dare ſay, that if I had the Happineſs of being acquainted with the private Anecdotes of your Life, I ſhould

have an Opportunity of expatiating more fully, as a Biographer; for Naturaliſts obſerve, that the *Spars* which *riſe into Day*, as the Miners expreſs it, are certain Tokens of a rich *Ore* beneath.

It is, methinks, a peculiar Luckineſs to live in an heroick Age; and though I am not infected with the *Patridoligoreſis* * of *Voltaire*, I cannot help feeling a kind of Regret that I had not the Fortune of being born your Majeſty's Subject; which being ſpoken by an Engliſhman, and living under the Reign of *George* the Second, is as high a Compliment as can poſſibly be paid to perſonal Merit.

* Contemptus-Patriæ. See Page 225, and laſt Lines.

But

But though I have not the Honour of being your Majeſty's *Subject*, I ſhall attempt an higher Ambition, even that of making you *mine*: for I am buſied in collecting Materials toward writing your Majeſty's Life, with the connected Hiſtory of your Times; and ſhall thus endeavour to ſhrowd myſelf under the full Sails of your Fame, to waft my *adjective* Name down to lateſt Poſterity.

By the Calculations that have been made upon the prophetical Chronology of the ſacred Writings, we are taught to believe, that this World is only to ſubſiſt about two Centuries; and the Apocalypſe likewiſe declares, that there will be a *gathering in of all Nations*, ſo as to become of one Faith, ſome conſiderable

Time

Time before the Diſſolution of this earthly Syſtem.

Whether the Divines have placed their Hope on you for laying the Foundation of this great Event, I cannot ſay; but do affirm, that my Contemplation has been intirely fixed on your Majeſty, for ſome Months paſt, with regard to this extraordinary Criſis, in Religion; and perhaps I may have the Fortune of recording you as the laſt Heroe of declining Empire, and the lateſt Champion of ſubſiding Faith; till all ſublunary Power ſhall be ſuperſeded by the Kingdom of the Juſt, and Faith itſelf be ſwallowed up in Conviction.

Though the extreme Diſtance between your Majeſty's Rank and mine, renders

me

me so inconsiderable, that I may venture to take greater Liberties, than a Person of higher Consequence; for People are admitted to Freedoms, in proportion to their Insignificancy; or to speak more liberally, though Literature, like the Grave, places all Conditions on a Level, I should not, however, use the Presumption of so free an Air, if I considered you merely as a King; but yours is a Dignity of an higher Nature, which rises, like the Divine, by Condescension; where even the Rank of Sovereign is cast in Shade, by the bright Colouring of so many princely Virtues: Fortune makes a King, but Nature forms the Prince: yours is the true Dignity of Man, *et nihil humani a te alienum puto*; which has emboldened

boldened me to this Addreſs, and to ſub-
ſcribe myſelf, Sire,

With the higheſt Reſpect,

And loweſt Submiſſion,

Your Majeſty's

Moſt humble, and

Moſt obedient Servant.

LETTER CIV.

WE purpoſed to have quitted the *Monaſtery*, * this Day, but our kind Hoſt practiſes ſuch *hoſpitable Frauds* upon us, that I apprehend our Departure will appear abrupt, whenever we may muſter up Reſolution enough to leave him. One Neighbour comes, and pays a Com-

* See Letter CI. Par. 1.

pliment

pliment to *Aſton*, and another to me; theſe Viſits are to be returned, and Invitations enſue, of Courſe. But I hereby engage ourſelves, Mr. *Aſton*, and I, to dine with you, on *Thurſday* next, in order to put it out of the Power of any further Solicitations to detain us longer.

We ſpent Yeſterday with a Mr. *Harman*, a Gentleman of moſt amiable Character and Manners. But I thought he carried the Goodneſs of his Diſpoſition and filial Piety, rather too far, by ſuffering his Father, a doting old Man, to appear at Table.

"To rock the Cradle of declining Age,"

as *Pope* expreſſes this Moral, is certainly a religious Duty; but this ſeemed to be

be no Manner of Indulgence, to the poor old Gentleman, himſelf, as he is ſcarcely capable of diſtinguiſhing Perſons, either by Sight or Hearing; often miſtaking one or other of the Company for his Son. In the mean while, ſuch an Object muſt be diſguſtful to the Gueſts; and a *Memento Mori*, or worſe, *Deſipere*, muſt naturally caſt a Damp upon the Spirit of all ſocial Converſe and Enjoyment.

Mr. *Pearſon*, who is in a friendly Intimacy with Mr. *Harman*, hinted theſe Things to him tenderly, after his Father had been carried up to his Apartment, and he acknowledged the Juſtneſs of his Remark; but at the ſame Time moſt charmingly juſtified himſelf, by ſaying,

that

that the old Man had, now and then, ſome Intervals of Recollection and Reaſon; and that if ſuch a Criſis ſhould happen when he was left to dine alone, it might poſſibly affect him with a Notion of his being neglected.

This put me in Mind of the Manner of ſome *Eaſtern* Nations, I have ſomewhere read of, who, from the Time of their Kings Deaths, to their Burials, ſerve up a Collation, by the Side of their Couches, leſt peradventure they might awaken, or revive, and ſhould happen to be hungry—only with this beautiful Difference, that one was wild Superſtition, this true Devotion.

Dotage is uſually ſtiled *ſecond Childhood*; but this is paying too great a Compliment to it—Life is like the Running of Tea; though the firſt and laſt Decoctions be equally weak, the one gives the Flavour of the Herb, the other but its Fæces.

A View of the mouldered Ruins of

"The Cloud-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
"The ſolemn Temples,"

is incapable of impreſſing my Mind with ſuch an Awe, or poſſeſſing me with ſuch moral, or *mortal* Reflections, as the Contemplation of a broken Intellect, or ſhattered Underſtanding, ariſing either from Phrenzy or Decay.

Surely, ſurely, this Scene does not cloſe our Exiſtence—We here perform but perſonated Characters; like Stage Victims we only ſeem to expire before the Audience, and riſe again to future Parts —Amen!

Adieu.

LETTER CV.

THE riding home from Mr. *Harman*'s, Yeſterday Evening, with too much Victuals and Wine in my Stomach, diſturbed my peeviſh *Inmate*, and I had but a ſad Night of it, with my reſtleſs *Bedfellow*.

The

The lying awake is not the worſt of it; a Want of Sleep is the leaſt of its Evils; but one feels more ſubdued, to the Ills both of Body and Mind, in ſuch a Situation, than at any other Time. This Circumſtance gives me a good Notion of *Diomede*, who, when aſſailed by his Enemies, in the dark, cried out, not for Life, but Light, that he might fight them fairly.

On looking over my Friend's literary Hoard, to-day, which is my Amuſement, every Morning, I met with a Manuſcript, which happens to aſſort admirably with the ſhort Allegory I had ſketched out to you, in the latter Part of my laſt Letter.

I ſend it to you, therefore, tho' not for that Reaſon, only, but to entertain you with a Compoſition of true claſſical Elegance, both in the Thoughts and Stile.

The Word *Avus*, at the End of the ninth Line, I confeſs myſelf at a Loſs to account for, in that Place; but I have let it ſtand as I found it, not knowing well how to exchange it, preſerving the Metre; unleſs, *per Synecdochen*, we could be juſtified in reading *avers*, for *averſans*.

I muſt walk out, for an Hour or two—My Diſorder makes a *Pilgrim* of me; to which if you add the *Penance*, I think I am in a hopeful Train of *Popiſh Salvation*.

Farewel.

Σκηνὴ

Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ Βίος.

Qualis cum Spiffi tolluntur vela Theatri,
Ingrediens partes Hiſtrio juſſus agit.
Mox ubi deſcendunt oppanſa aulæa recedit,
Prodiit & juſſus, qui modo juſſus abit.
Talis perque Gradus, atquæ ævi tædia vitæ,
In Scænam prodit, ludit, & exit, Homo.
Truditur ex utero miſer Infans nudus in orbem,
Nec ſcit inaſſueto lumine ferre diem;
Nox ubi Signat humum certo pede ſuſtinet
Avus,
Orbilii plagas, militiamque Scholæ.
Nunc Venatorum Studiis, nunc ardet equorum,
Ingemit aut clauſas Phillidis antè fores;
Jam vires animi creſcunt, creſcentibus annis,
Maturumque videt proxima Scæna virum.
Jam languet vitæ quintum dilatus in Actum,
Juſſis anhelatum dum quatit ægra Senem;
Volvitur in ſeſe ſua per veſtigia cunis,
Infantes annos jam remeaſſe putes.
Pro libitû imponunt peragendas numina partes.
Tu pulchrè peragas; cætera mitte Deo.
Si rectè tractes, laus eſt tractare ſecundas;
Summa etiam parvis Gloria rebus ineſt.

Explodam, Cæsar, malè si mandata Loquêris,
Atque idem plaudam, si bené Davus agit.
Et vitam Dubitamus adhuc extendere factis!
Tu meritis, si non tempore, vive diu.
Ni facinus dignum tam longo admiseris ævo,
Dicetur, Nestor, vel tua vita brevis.
Quandocunque exis, sit cura exire decentèr,
Et plausû exactum Turba coronet opus.

LETTER CVI.

AS my good Friend, Mr. *Pearson*, which he confesses himself, did not commence a Student, early, his Library consists mostly of Books pickt up by Chance, from Auctions, or the *London* Stalls; which answer his Purpose, as well, perhaps better, than a more culled Catalogue might

might do, as his reading is not ſyſtemati-cal, but for his Amuſement merely.

This makes even their Title Pages an Entertainment in itſelf; where one meets with Books that are not to be had elſe-where, ſome good, ſome bad; like the rummaging a Grandmother's Trunk, where Medals and Halfpence, Jacobus's and Farthings, Fragments of Silk and Linen Rags, Receipts and Love-Letters are thrown promiſcuouſly together.

As many of the Volumes here have been long out of Print, they are become new again, from their Antiquity—Some of them ſeem to have been ſtolen away, be-fore the *Ptolemean* Library was ſet in a Blaze; ſo that, in Effect, they have, at

Length, obtained the Value of private Manuſcripts.

This would be a rare Shop for a Plagiariſt to trade at. I have detected a good many modern Thefts, ſince I came here, more particularly among your *Sermonizers*. The modern Sectaries have ſtolen their Hereſies out of old Books.

The Antients had more Wit, than the Moderns; I don't mean the claſſical Gentlemen, but our own Progenitors. They certainly muſt have uſed *Tablets*, more than we; for it is morally impoſſible that ſuch Groupes of Imagery ſhould ever naturally occur to any Perſon, while writing upon one Subject only, as we often meet with in theſe Worm-eaten Volumes. Some Flowers, ſome Weeds; ſome *ſterling*,

ling, ſome *baſe*—But ſo we may ſay, of the beſt of the Moderns, too.

One of the Volumes I have looked into, of the firſt Character,* is a Collection of Eſſays, by Sir *Thomas Pope Blount*, publiſhed in the Year Eighty-one, which I had never met with, or ever heard of, before. *Here is Hit for Hit, and Daſh for Daſh*, like Prince *Prettyman* and his Taylor, from firſt to laſt; tho' with a deal of good Senſe, throughout.

Another, older than that again, by above fifty Years, is a Book, ſtiled *Epigrammata Sacra*, by one *Craſhaw*, publiſhed in the Reign of King *Charles* the Firſt; which I had never ſeen, neither, but remember to have read an high Enco-

* Of *Flowers*, and *Sterling*.

mium on, in ſome modern Author, who recommends theſe Pieces as Patterns of *chaſte Writing*, and *natural Thoughts*.

Now, with Submiſſion to this Panegyriſt, I think I never peruſed any Thing that leſs deſerves this Character. They have neither the Juſtneſs of *chaſte Writing*, nor the Simplicity of *natural Thoughts*. Inſtead of which, they are meer puerile, quibbling, forced *Italian concettis*.

I ſhall ſelect three of the beſt among the Collection, to afford you an Opportunity of judging for yourſelf, and I believe you'll think theſe Specimens enough.

'Upon

Upon our *Saviour*'s turning *Water* to *Wine*.

Undè rubor veſtris, & non ſua purpura, lymphis ?
Quæ roſa mirantes tam nova mutat aquas ?
Numen, convivæ, præſens agnoſcite Numen,
Nympha pudica Deum vidit, & erubuit.

The Thought, in this Epigram, to give a Spice of modern Plagiariſm, both you and I have heard imputed to a *Weſtminſter* Scholar of a late Date, who having this Text impoſed on him as a Theme, replied extemporally, *The Water ſaw the God, and bluſhed.*

And this I have ſeen quoted, in ſome periodical Paper, not long ago, as a Sentence more truly ſublime, than any Paſſage cited by *Longinus*, or to be extracted

from *Iſaiah*. Some People are apt to miſtake the *wonderful*, for the *ſublime*. But this Epigram is founded on a falſe Thought, and therefore no Expreſſion can poſſibly raiſe it into Beauty.

The Privileges that Poetry has uſurped upon Philoſophy, have not yet been carried into ſuch an Extravagance, as to impute Intelligence, to inanimate Matter. For though Trees have been made to hold Converſe, a Rivulet to make Love to a Meadow, * &c. yet a ſound Critic will know how to diſtinguiſh, between *a poetical Fiction*, and *a Fiction of the Poet*. The Beauty, of ſuch Compoſitions, lying, I apprehend, in the Sentiment, Deſcription, or Moral, conveyed by ſuch

* *Fontenelle.*

mute Colloquy, and not in the *Dramatis Perſonæ*.

I know that in the Elegies of the abſent Lovers, the Brooks have ceaſed their Murmurs, the Trees have loſt their Verdure, and Flowers both Colour and Flavour; but theſe Images owe their poetical Beauty to a Figure implied in the Fiction. Sentiments of Grief are not attributed to the Water, Wood, or Garden, but *Cælia*'s Abſence has deſtroyed poor *Strephon*'s Reliſh for thoſe Pleaſures, which he uſed to enjoy in Company with her.

The admired Turns, in a celebrated Poem, upon Snow falling on a fair one's Neck, proceed all from the ſame falſe

and

and over-ſtrained Fancy, with the above Epigram.

" And overcome with whiteneſs there,
" For *Grief* diſſolved into a Tear;
" Then falling to her Garment's Hem,
" *To deck her* froze into a Gem."

The Thought here glitters, like the Snow itſelf; *as bright and cold.* In both theſe Inſtances of the *Faux-brillants*, a Sentiment is imputed to the Element, in a literal Senſe, without the poſſible Intervention of a Figure, to ſcreen the Abſurdity.

The other two Epigrams are below a Criticiſm, as they are but a Couple of wretched Puns. However, as I promiſed them, you ſhall have them.

On

On the infant Martyrs, or the Murder of the Innocents.

Fundite ridentes Animas, effundite Cælo;
Diſcet ibi veſtra, O quam benè, lingua loqui:
Nec vos *Lac* veſtrum, & maternos quærite Fontes,
Quæ vos expectat, *Lactea* tota *via* eſt.

On *Peter*'s fearing to ſink, when he was walking on the Water.

Petre, cades, O ſi Dubitas—O Fide, nec ipſum,
Petre, negat Fidis, æquor habere Fidem:
Pondere preſſa ſuo ſubſidunt cætera, ſolum,
Petre, tuæ Mergit te *levitatis onus*.

What do you think of the *Milky-way* being made a *Dairy-Farm*, and the *Weight* of *Lightneſs* ſinking a Man?

I am

I am tired, and ſo are you.

Adieu, donc.

LETTER CVII.

Wedneſday.

WE hold our Purpoſe, on the Day and Hour already ſpecified, to wait on you; to-morrow at four. But I write now, becauſe you will receive this Certificate, early in the Morning, if the Poſts keep Time as they ought to do.

The firſt Viſit ſhould always be a Sort of *Houſe-Warming*; we ſhall therefore carry you a very handſome Deſſert, from Mr. *Pearſon*'s *Hot-houſe*. You have not had

Time

Time to prune your own Vineyard, ſince you took Poſſeſſion, I fancy.

This would have been a lucky Occaſion for Mr. *Craſhaw*, to exerciſe his Genius upon. He would have touched off an Epigram, at once, to acquaint his Friend that he ſhould receive *the Fruits of his Travels*. The *Garden* might range very well with the *Dairy*, I think.

I have wrote oftener to you, during theſe ten Days that I have been here, than I ever did, I am ſure, in ſo many Months, before. I have no ſort of Avocations, in this Place, and therefore create Work for myſelf. If I walk above an Hour, I grow tired, and if I read above two, I grow ſleepy—Writing rouſes me again.

Among

Among the *Farrago Libellorum*, or Medley of Books, here, I met with *An Account of Perſons who died laughing*. I opened it, with Fear and Trembling; but ſoon found that *my Life was my own*, again. I was much diſappointed; there is no Mirth in it—'Tis but an Hiſtory of Chinks, hiſterical, or nervous Caſes; and treats rather of the *Riſus Sardonicus*, than of the *ha, ha, ha!* ending in *oh, oh, oh!*

Another odd Book in this Library, is a Collection of *Dedications*, in a large Folio. Whether the Compiler intended them as Patterns, for the Uſe of Authors, or to expoſe the Folly and Extravagance of this Species of Writing, I cannot ſay, as the *Title-Page* and Preface, if there was one, are torn out.

As

As theſe Kind of Compliments are but a Sort of begging Petitions, the beſt Addreſs of this Nature, was by a *Monſieur Maynard*, to Cardinal *Richlieu*—He had been an old Servant to *Lewis* the Thirteenth, but neglected under the ſucceeding Reign. He made the Experiment of getting the following Lines preſented to the Miniſter, and ſucceeded. I have not the Original, and only remember the Tranſlation.

Sick of a Life poſſeſſed in vain,
I ſoon ſhall wait upon the Ghoſt
Of our late Monarch, in whoſe Reign,
None who had Merit miſſed a Poſt.

Then will I charm him with your Name,
Tell all the Wonders you have done,
The Power of France, the Spaniard's Shame,
The riſing Honours of his Son!

Grateful

Grateful the royal Shade will ſmile,
And dwell delighted on the Theme,
Fully appeaſed, his Griefs beguile,
And drown old Loſſes in new Fame.

But ſhould he aſk me in what Sphere,
I did your wiſhed Commands obey,
Bid me my Services declare—
What would you pleaſe to have me ſay?

Adieu.

LETTER CVIII.

I HAVE been at home, theſe ſix Days, but could not write to you, for a Reaſon that ſeems to bear a Contradiction along with it—becauſe I have been conſtantly thinking of you. The Situation I left you in, filled my Heart, my Mind,

Mind, ay, my Eyes too, with Joy, at the Reflection on your Happineſs. This has brought all my Wiſhes within *one* of being accompliſhed.

Do not ſtart—I am not going to break my Word with you.* It would be a Weakneſs—perhaps a Vice, to do ſo—but I can't help ſaying that I feel ſomething irkſome creeping over my Shoulders, ever ſince I came home; affecting my Body ſomewhat as if I was putting on a damp Shirt, and my Mind as I remember, when I was a Child, and ſent on an Errand into a dark Room.

And all this while too, the very Subject *which I will not mention*, has been

* See Lett r lxxiv.

conſtantly recurring to my Thoughts, in the moſt unpleaſant Way imaginable; without my ſeeing any Thing, hearing any Thing, or even imagining any Thing, to render it ſo. Are theſe what they call *Forebodings?* They muſt be ſo, either of Sickneſs or Misfortune. God grant the firſt, rather!

Mr. *Aſton* ſtruck off from me, on the Road, to take the ſhorteſt Way to his own Houſe; which I was ſorry for, when I reached Home, becauſe I found a Letter for him that had followed him here, juſt after we had ſet out together; and the Meſſenger not knowing, I ſuppoſe, where to purſue him further, left it behind him.

It was the Superſcription that made me ſo anxious about it, as it was written

in

in a very pretty neat Italian Type,, and gives me hope that it may have come from Mrs. *Aſton.* She may, perhaps, be about caſting her *Olympian Slough,** and condeſcending to become a—no, not a *ſimple Woman*, but a *ſenſible one*, at length.

I put it immediately into the Poſt, as the quickeſt Method of ſending it to him, and if he communicates any Thing to me, on the Subject, I ſhall forward it to you. I neither hinted my Idea, nor expreſſed the leaſt Curioſity about the Matter, when I encloſed the Letter. Men's private Concerns ſhould be always held ſacred; and to aſk a Queſtion concerning them, is impertinent; nay even

* See Letter lxxi. Paragraph 1ſt.

to gueſs a Secret, though one does not abuſe it, ſeems to me to be a Breach of Delicacy, however unavoidably it may ſometimes happen; as in this very Inſtance.

My almoſt *congenial* Diſorder is an heavy Addition to the Feelings I ſuffer under, as above deſcribed. Anxiety is its favourite Food. It prefers this Morſel, to the moſt luxurious Viands. I have often eſcaped, after Exceſſes of the one, but never from the ſmalleſt Crum of the other.

So that I may almoſt literally ſay; in effect, at leaſt, I may; that *my Pain is ſeated in my Mind*; and if I ſhould but once loſe all Reflection, or, according to

a vul-

a vulgar Metaphor, ceaſe to *have any Guts in my Brain*, I really think it would quite cure my *Cholic*, for the reſt of my Life. If, as *Horace* ſays, *dulcia in bilem Vertent*, *Sweet-meats* hurt the Stomach, what Diſturbance muſt *Acids* raiſe there? In the mean Time, I ſhall attempt no other Medicine; for where they do no good, they always do harm. So as the poor worn out King ſays, in *All's Well that ends Well*, "Let Nature and Sickneſs debate it at their Leiſure." 'Tis Time enough to die, when Nature demands it; they who uſe Phyſick, but aſſiſt Sickneſs.

Adieu, my ever dear Friend, Adieu.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SOON after the Date of the laſt extraordinary, and, as it almoſt now appears, prophetic, Letter, the unhappy Event came to paſs, which has been already hinted at in the Preface, Paragraph fourth; and which interrupted this Correſpondence, for about a Year, while the Author remained with his Friend, at the Rectory; and who, on his return Home, lived only to write him the few Letters, which follow in this Collection.

ЗАКЛЮЧЕНИЕ

LETTER CIX.

MY Chaiſe broke down, as I was returning from *London*. I felt like an Exile, on leaving you; and a dead Weight, you know, is always heavier than a live one—This might have occaſioned the Accident. Metaphors are mighty apt to ſnap Steel Springs, you are to ſuppoſe. But, in more ſerious Sadneſs, theſe Viſits do me more harm than good. Before I go to you, I feel myſelf only dull; but when I come from you, I am diſmal.

Our Situations in Life are ſo peculiarly circumſtanced, that 'tis impoſſible we can any Way accommodate one another. Your Buſineſs in your *Cure*, cannot admit of your ſojourning with me, and mine here, obliges me to ſtay too much at home. As I draw my whole Reſources from this Spot of Earth, I muſt cheriſh, huſband, and abide by it. 'Tis ſaid that "where a Man's Treaſure is, there will be his Heart, alſo;" ſo where our whole Fortune lies, there muſt remain our Body, too.

Not that I would have two Friends live always together. They are then too much the ſame; they think and act for each other, more than themſelves, which re-

ſtrains

ſtrains their Faculties, and contracts their Powers. Separate, they are two Perſons; together, but one. The Sphere of their joint Action, is too ſimple and uniform, reſembling a *Circle*, where they make but one common *Center*; aſunder, they may be compared to an *Ellipſis*, of which they become the *Foci*, and which compriſes more various and uſeful Purpoſes.*

I feel, however, as if I were buried here. My Spirit, indeed, ſometimes glides along the diſtant Plains, for a ſtated Time; till the *Cock-crow*, which, by a Figure, may be conſtrued *Domeſtic Œco-*

* I can't avoid taking Notice here, that this Author is the firſt, I believe, that ever attempted to ſtrike a *Spark*, out of the *Flint* of Mathematic's.

nomy, ſummons me back to my Sepulchre again.

Would to Heaven that the next *Chanticleer* were to be my *laſt Trumpet*! My Hope in Philoſophy, and my Faith in Religion, have, thank God, prepared me for that great Event; not only in Reſignation, but even, I fear, in Wiſhes.

O I ſhall meet her Spirit, then! Chaſte Loves, though ſundered and obſtructed here on Earth, muſt unite and coaleſce in Heaven. God fitted kindred Souls for Union; and when human—O ſay *inhuman*, Bars are removed, the divine Œconomy will ſurely then take Place. Amen!

The only Comfort I have left, and that, in my preſent Situation, is a Tranſport, is, *that ſhe was not frail!* I would once have laid the Sceptre of the World, at her Feet, to have obtained her Favour; but now would not even wiſh her alive, to gain it. *The ſingle Thought that ſhe died ſpotleſs, o'erbalances the ſurviving Wretchedneſs of my own Life.**

I weep, and I rejoice.

Adieu.

* I could not refrain from marking this beautiful Paſſage, by *Italics*.

LETTER CX.

I AM doubly ſorry I cannot anſwer your tender Letter, in as kind a Way, by giving you ſome good Account of my Health. I continue in the ſame ſad litleſs State I was when I left you. Exerciſe and Air ſeem to have loſt their Effects on me; for neither the Journey, nor the Change of Situation, have done me the leaſt Manner of Good.

My Reliſhes are gone—I have as little Taſte left, as Appetite, now; can diſtinguiſh between boiled and roaſt, but by the Sight; Wine and Brandy have

the ſame Flavour, and I ſhould only know the Difference, by my feeling of more or leſs Heat. 'Tis a ſad Thing to take Food but as a Medicine; or, indeed, to do any Thing elſe, merely for the Sake of Life. *Vita, dum ſupereſt, bene eſt,** is a ſcoundrel Maxim.

Give me ſome rouſing Pain, rather than this Lethargy through all my Senſes. Let me be ſick, like a Man; not puling and qualmiſh, like a Woman. I dread Hiſterics, ſoon, and fear the Curſe, that *Herodotus* tells you old *Ceres* puniſhed the Men of ſome heathen Country with, for having paſſed ſome Affront, or other, on her Divinity-ſhip. *Tantæne animis*,

* Said by *Mecænas*.

---The Time ſeems approaching which *Swift* propheſied about, when Men and Women ſhall mutually exchange *the Pains of Child-bearing and Shaving*. I beſpeak you the Godfather of my firſt Child.

You may ſee that I endeavour to follow your kind Advice—I amuſe my unhappineſs, by poor Conceits and wretched Fancies—In vain—In vain!

Adieu.

LETTER CXI.

THANK you, moſt heartily, for your Letter. It has reſtored me to my Sex again. At leaſt I know now that I am not a Woman, by finding the Thermometer of my Vanity not to riſe, upon the Warmth of your Praiſe. The certainty of your Friendſhip had already implied all Eulogy, and the more ſolid Good ſtill keeps the lighter one from mounting. The only Return I can make to the Kindneſs of your Expreſſion, muſt muſt be old *Greene*, the Comedian's Reply to all Compliments, *Tu quoque*.

I wiſh

I wiſh I could flatter you, in return, by telling you that I am better; but *effugere eſt triumphus*; not to be worſe is ſomething gained, in ſuch a Situation of Mind, and Ague of Weather, as I have had, ever ſince my coming down—indeed I may throw in the whole Summer, under the ſame Deſcription, too.

Such a Climate as we too generally experience, in this Iſland, is enough to ſet the ſtrongeſt natural Conſtitution, that ever was framed, at nought. To lye down, at Night, on *India*'s Soil, and riſe next Morning, on *Greenland*'s Coaſt! The *Patriarchs* never lived in this Country, for certain.

'Tis

'Tis this ſudden Tranſition of Latitude, from the Line to the Poles, which often happens in the ſame Day, that hurts us more, than a Conſtancy, even of the worſt Weather on the Globe. Keep a Block of Timber always in the Water, or always out of it, and it will laſt for Ages; but the alternate wetting and drying ſoon periſhes it.

Farewel, and

Believe me, till I die,
Yours, whether wet or dry.

LETTER

LETTER CXII.

IT may perhaps appear ungrateful in me to complain ſo often of a Diſorder that is ſo very indulgent to me; for it does not ſupply Pain enough even to keep me awake, at preſent; and I fear I am falling into a Lethargy, of late.

I have often Thought that we ſleep too much, in Health; but it certainly is an Advantage, in Sickneſs—Children are ſubject to it; and Diſeaſe being a ſecond Weakneſs, may require this ſecond Nurſe of Nature, alſo.

Unac-

Unaccountable Œconomy! Life how ſhort! and yet Sloth is ſuffered to curtail it—But Spirits, though immortal, never *cloſe their Eyes.* I uſe this Expreſſion figuratively, but *ſans equivoque*, as every one knows, *to a Certainty*, that Angels have no *Organs.*

" Nature, alas! why art thou ſo,
" Obliged unto thy greateſt Foe!
" Sleep that is thy beſt Repaſt,
" Yet of Death it bears a Taſte;
" And both are the ſame Things, at laſt."

I cannot contrive any Method of keeping myſelf awake, for ſometime paſt. Exerciſe inclines me to reſt, before I am able to continue it long enough to do me the leaſt Good. Reading dozes me, in the ſecond Page; and if I ſit down to

write

write any Thing but one of theſe Letters, thinking, as the Alderman ſaid, in ſome Play, compoſes me to ſleep, in the firſt Paragraph.

In ſhort, I begin now to wiſh, what I ſeemed to dread, in a late Letter, that I could change my Sex, for a while. Women can employ themſelves, in knitting a Stocking, netting a Purſe, or ſewing a Seam; but chiefly their favourite Occupation, of Goſſipping, they never tire of.

Though I need not ſhift Genders, for this latter Article, neither; as both you and I know many Men, who generally miſpend their Time, in this Way, as much as their Wives and Daughters; pre-

pretending to dignify their Idleneſs, with ſtiling it *a Love of Society*,

Nothing ſure has ever been ſo much miſtaken, as this Expreſſion—People often ſeem to be fond of Company, merely to relieve themſelves from a certain *Tædium Vitæ*, which renders them miſerable, at being left alone. I have known Perſons called unſociable, by thoſe who might more juſtly have exchanged Characters with them; for, in my Opinion, they are the fitteſt for Society, who can beſt live by themſelves. It may not be unapplicable, here, to quote Lord *Halli-fax*, in his *Advice to a Daughter*, where he ſays that Men of Senſe, though with all the Affections of a Child, in their Natures, have generally ſome Appear-

ance

ance of Sullenneſs, in their Demeanour—For my Part, nobody loves Society, more than I do. Other Men's Thoughts, Obſervations, and Reflections, are newer to me, and therefore pleaſe me better, than my own. I flatter myſelf, alſo, in Turn, that mine may, for the ſame Reaſon, happen to be as welcome to them, too. But then 'tis *Converſation*, not *Company*, that I prefer to Solitude.

O Come live with me, and be my Society.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER CXIII.

IN Purſuit of your mental Regimen, I have delivered myſelf over entirely to Poetry, ſince your laſt; and as ſoon as I have gone through the *Foreign* Claſſics, I purpoſe to commence a regular Courſe of the *domeſtic* ones; beginning with *Chaucer*, and proceeding chronologically down to the preſent Æra.

This Kind of Reading is what may be called *taking the Air*, in Literature; 'tis not *Exerciſe*; 'tis the viewing a Landſcape, only, at one's Eaſe, and reſting on the Superficies of Things. It is, it ought to be

be ſo—when it takes any Thing more upon it, it acts quite out of Character. Didactic Poeſy is *Hercules* twirling a Diſtaff.

I had always a Taſte for ſuch Reading, and would have indulged it earlier in Life, but that I feared it might debauch my Mind, too much. Philoſophy was ever my Wife, but Poetry my Miſtreſs.

I think I told you, in ſome late Letter,* that my Library was become my whole Manſion, at preſent; but it has become my Stable and Riding-houſe, alſo, ſince then; for I have a Horſe ſtanding *at Livery* there, which I bought t'other Day *from my Upholſterer*.†

* See Letter lxv. † *A Chamber-horſe.*

The

The walking down Stairs, drawing on my Boots, putting on my Surtout, Hat, Gloves, and ſtrutting forth into the Court-yard, to mount a *live* Horſe, was too much Trouble and Apparatus, for my native Indolence. But now 'tis nothing but *up and ride*, with me, in a Jerk; and though it may not, probably, have all the good Effects of the former Courſe, yet as 'tis often repeated, and that I throw open the Windows, to add Air to Exerciſe, poſſibly it may anſwer, upon the whole, as well. This is the beſt Way of *travelling much at Home*.

It is ſo obvious a Thought to ſtile my new Nag *Pegaſus*, that I could not avoid it. And perhaps, as thoſe who are well read in the Mythology of the Antients, have

been

been able to diſcover a deal of good Senſe lying hid under a Rubbiſh of Nonſenſe, like the World riſing out of Chaos, ſo this Poetical Fable may mean, that Exerciſe, by giving Vigour to the Body, and Spirits to the Mind, enlivens the Fancy, adds warmth to the Imagination, and may therefore be properly enough intitled the *Hobby-horſe* of the Muſes.

For my Part, I am reſolved to confide my Health to this Regimen, and Abſtinence, ſolely; and ſhall baniſh the whole *materia medica*, out of my valetudinary Syſtem, for the future.

——" Better to bear thoſe Ills we have,
" Than fly to others that we know not of."

I hate

I hate to conſider myſelf as an *Automaton*, by living only a Sort of artificial Life.

This is not Life, 'tis but the *ſerving ones Time* to an Apothecary; and not to be out of ones Apprenticeſhip, till Death, beſides; for Nature is a jealous Dame, and when Art takes upon it to perform her Functions, too long, ſhe is apt to quit the Subject, in Reſentment, and leave all her Operations to be bungled by her Rival, for the future, without further Aſſiſtance from her.

Nature is generous, and thoſe who place moſt Confidence in her, ever fare the beſt.

Juſt going to mount, ſo adieu.

LETTER CXIV.

I HAVE received the Books, you were ſo kind to ſend me by the Coach. I have read them, and they amuſed me; which is all I have to ſolicit, at this Time of Life, and State of Health. 'Tis too late, now, to improve in Wiſdom, or ſtudy Science. They who have unhappily neglected to make a ſufficient Proviſion of the firſt Treaſure, before my Years, will probably continue Beggars, to the End of theirs; and what ſignifies the laying in a Store of the latter Commodity, ſo near the Time when we ſhall either be buried together in Oblivion, or com-

Epiſtles, here and there, which related either to private Buſineſs, or to ſome certain Hiſtories, which I was directed to paſs by: the Firſt could not entertain, and the Latter would have been but reviving Scandal, or republiſhing Reproach. The ſeveral Anecdotes which are ſuffered to ſtand, are confined to the Knowledge of ſuch ſmall Circles, that it was not thought worth while to guard them from appearing in Print.

I have alſo ventured to add a few Notes, at Bottom, by Way of explaining, or referring to, ſome of the Hints and Alluſions, in the Letters: which are meant only to ſave the Readers the Trouble of Recollecting for themſelves, or of being left at a Loſs, about ſome of the Articles in them.

What

What had been written with Eaſe, I would be glad to have read ſo.

And theſe, Reader, are, *bonâ fide*, the only Liberties that have been taken with the original Manuſcripts, throughout theſe Sheets,

by your moſt obedient Servant,

THE EDITOR.

tent, as he ſays he has Poems enough of that Gentleman's, in his Poſſeſſion, to make a ſeparate Publication of, by themſelves, ſome other Time.

I have had another Diſappointment, too, upon this Occaſion; for I meant to have publiſhed the whole of this Correſpondence, on both ſides, by inſerting the Letters of my Friend, in due Order and Courſe, and for which, I had obtained his Permiſſion; but upon applying to the Executor of the Deceaſed, who was his Nephew, and bred an Attorney, we had the Mortification to find that he had thrown all his Uncle's *Papers* into the Fire, reſerving only the *Parchments*.

I had a Purpoſe, when I ſat down to this Addreſs, to have ſaid ſomething, in recom-

Recommendation of this Species of *per-Poſt* Writing: but happening, luckily for the Reader, to recollect a Paſſage, in theſe Volumes, where the Author has expreſſed himſelf ſo much better on the Subject, than I could pretend to do, I ſhall wave that Topic, here, and refer him to Letter xxxii. in the following Collection.

I have added the Denomination of *the Friends*, to the Title of theſe Writings, as there is a very remarkable Strain of that antient, moſt noble, but now obſolete, Character, to be met with, throughout the Letters; which muſt endear the Parties to us more ſtrongly, than all the Merits of their Wit, or other Virtues.

I have uſed the Privilege of leaving out ſome Paſſages, and ſeveral intire Epiſtles,

commence *Maſters of Arts*, at once, without taking our Degrees in the Schools?

" Vain now are Books, the Sage's Wiſdom vain!
" What has the World to bribe our Senſe aſtray?
" Ere Reaſon learns by ſtudied Laws to reign,
" The weakened Paſſions, ſelf-ſubdu'd, obey."

Alas! What further Wiſdom can a Man attain, who already knows that he is a Creature, a Mortal, an accountable Being. That Virtue and Vice differ, like Light and Darkneſs. That as Light is enlivened by Colours, and enriched by Proſpect, ſo are there Circumſtances which may aggravate the Gloom of Darkneſs, " making Night hideous?"

All this to know, and knowing to obſerve, compleats the trueſt Wiſdom—at

whoſe humble Shrine the proudeſt Science may become a Suppliant, and grow rich by an Exchange!

The Book of *Learning* is compoſed of many Volumes, but theBook of *Wiſdom* conſiſts but of two Pages, which I ſhall allude to in a Line of *Pope*'s;

"Wait the great Teacher Death, and God adore."

Adieu.

LETTER CXV.

WHAT you ſay upon the Subject of my late Letters, is perfectly in your own Character---religious, rational, and philoſophic---but then thoſe Paſſages which

which gave you Occaſion for ſuch Reflections, flow as naturally from the Situation of my preſent Circumſtances; diſappointed, diſguſted, wretched, and valetudinary!

This I acknowledge was not the original Complexion of my Mind. Far, indeed, very far from it! Let us ſuppoſe a Man ſo peculiarly bleſt by Providence, as to receive ſome good News, every Morning of his Life; and be preſented with ſome Gift, or Favour of Fortune, before the Day was cloſed. What muſt then have been his Happineſs! Such a Man once was I---my Health, my Spirits, my ſanguine Hopes, and chearful Reflections, produced the ſame Effect.

Bleſt Madman ! who can every Hour employ,
In ſomething new to wiſh, or to enjoy.

This Romance has long ſince flown !

" Gone with the Years beyond the Flood."

But I remember the Bleſſing ſtill, with Gratitude, and I acquieſce now in the Deprivation of it, without repining---I can no more---Virtue nor Regliion require but what is poſſible. Why will my Friend be more ſevere ?

The Inſtances you mention, I may perhaps admit to be more unfortunate, than mine ; but unleſs you can alſo prove the Sufferers to feel leſs unhappy, too, your Examples are but vain.

If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his Beard,
Cry Sorrow, wag ! and hem, when he ſhould groan ;
Patch Grief with Proverbs,* &c.

* *Leonato*, in *Much ado about nothing*.

Beſides,

She fell a Victim to an unequal Match, impoſed on her by her—*Foes*—, and a Martyr to the Duty ſhe owed to her own Perſon and Character, only ; every other Obligation in her moſt wretched State, being cancelled long ; and the unhappy Lover ſurvived her no longer than a broken Heart was capable of ſubſiſting.

There happens to be no Mention made of her Death, or of the Circumſtances of it, *(which were particular)* in theſe Letters, as it was ſudden and unexpected, and that the Author flew off to his Friend, immediately on that Event, and remained with him, for near a Twelvemonth ; till a reduced State of Health, a total Incapacity for Society, and the Exigency of his domeſtic Concerns, had determined

his return home, again. Letter cix, was the firſt he wrote, after that Separation; and he died, in a few Days after the laſt one printed in this Collection.

From the Time of her Death, he employed himſelf conſtantly in framing Elegies on her, till his own Death had made the laſt of them; who when the dear Subſtance was raviſhed from his Hopes, dwelt ſtill with Fondneſs on the Shadow, and eked her Life with Fame.

Poſt Mortem nobilitari.

Theſe Poetical Pieces are extremely beautiful and affecting, and I intreated the Copy, from my Friend, to add to theſe Volumes; but he refuſed it, for the preſent,

THE EDITOR

TO THE READER.

THE following Collection of Letters were written, a good while ago, by a Gentleman unknown to the learned World, not many Years dead, at broken and long ſuſpended Intervals; during a Correſpondence which ſubſiſted a conſiderable Time, with a particular and dear Friend, and with whom I have the Honour to be acquainted.

I had happened occaſionally to have been ſhewn many of theſe Manuſcripts,

at the Times they were received; and thought them ſo well worthy of being preſented to the Public, that ſoon after the Demiſe of the Writer, I ſolicited my Friend for permiſſion to introduce them into the World; which after ſome Heſitation and Reviſion, I have, at length, happily obtained, on the Reſtriction of keeping the Names of both the Correſpondents concealed.

Theſe Letters contain a good deal of private Hiſtory, of ſeveral anonymous or miſnomened Perſons; and one Article, in particular, relative to an unfortunate Paſſion of the Deceaſed, which, however, is but juſt hinted at, in ſome Places, and then dies away again, as the too dear Object of it literally did, ſometime after.

Beſides, they who would conſole me in Affliction, by exaggerating another's Miſery, increaſe, rather than diminiſh, my Portion.

" On every Tree, in every Plain,
" I trace the jovial Spring in vain!
" A ſickly Languor veils my Eyes,
" And faſt my waning Vigour flies."

Is this a State of Life to ſolicit Employs, or be anxious about *now uſeleſs* Fortune? Nay, what are all Pomp, Fame, Wealth, or Titles, when juſtly eſtimated? For, 'tis not the real Nature of Things, ſo much as the Notions we are too generally apt to frame about them, that gives them their Conſequence. How many Trifles and Inſipidities are we obliged to dignify with the Names of Pleaſure, and of Science, in order to fill up the wide Chaſm, and relieve the tedious Irkſomeneſs of Life!

Non

— — *Non eſt,*
Quod vos creditis eſſe, vita non eſt.

This, as I ſaid before, has not been always my Way of thinking; for though my Philoſophy has ever condemned the Vices and Follies of Life, it never contemned the Pleaſures or Emoluments of it---But *my World is dead!* and ſince that *ever-green* Loſs, Poſſeſſion itſelf has loſt the Power of giving Enjoyment!

I muſt leave off. Adieu. Adieu.

FINIS.

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

The Friends; Or, Original Letters Of A Person Deceased Now First Published, From The Manuscripts, In His Correspondent's Hands

Bd.: 2.

London (1773)
P.o.angl. 129 b-2
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10746517-1